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WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

I.

THE night is dark, and the winter winds
Go stabbing about with their icy spears:
The sharp hail rattles against the panes,
And melts on my cheeks like tears!

'Tis a terrible night to be out of doors,
But some of us must be, early and late:
We needn't ask who, for don't we know
It has all been settled by Fate?

Not woman, but man. Give woman her flowers,
Her dresses, her jewels, or what she demands:
The work of the world must be done by man,
Or why has he brawny hands?

As I feel my way in the dark and cold,
I think of the chambers warm and bright—
The nests where these delicate birds of ours
Are folding their wings to-night!

Through the luminous windows, above and below,
I catch a glimpse of the life they lead:
Some sew, some sing, others dress for the Ball,
While others (fair students) read.

There's the little lady who bears my name—
She sits at my table now, pouring her tea;
Does she think of me as I hurry home,
Hungry and wet? Not she.

She helps herself to the sugar and cream,
In a thoughtless, nonchalant way.
Her hands are white as the virgin rose
That she wore on her wedding-day!

My stubbed fingers are stained with ink—
The badge of the Ledger, the mark of Trade;
But the money I give her is clean enough,
In spite of the way it is made!

I wear out my life in the counting-room,
Over day-book and cash-book, Bought and Sold:
My brain is dizzy with anxious thought,
My skin is as sallow as gold!

How does she keep the roses of youth
Still fresh in her cheeks? My roses are flown:
It lies in a nutshell—why do I ask?
A woman's life is her own!

She gives me a kiss when we part for the day,
Then goes to her music, blithe as a bird;
She reads it at sight, and the language too,
Though I know never a word!

She sews—a little; makes collars, and sleeves;
Or embroiders me slippers (always too small!);
Nets silken purses (for me to fill!)—
Often does nothing at all

But dream in her chamber, holding a flower,
Or reading my letters (she'd better read me!);
Even now, while I am freezing with cold,
She is cozily sipping her tea!

If I ever reach home I shall laugh aloud
At the sight of a roaring fire once more:
She must wait, I think, till I thaw myself,
For the usual kiss at the door!

I'll have with my dinner a bottle of port,
To warm up my blood, and soothe my mind;
Then a little music, for even I
Like music—when I have dined!

I'll smoke a pipe in the easy-chair,
And feel her behind me patting my head:
Or, drawing the little one on my knee,
Chat till the hour for bed!

II.

Will he never come? I have watched for him
Till the misty panes are roughened with sleet:
I can see no more: shall I never hear
The welcome sound of his feet?

I think of him in the lonesome night,
Tramping along with a weary tread,
And wish he were here by the cheery fire,
Or I were there in his stead!

I sit by the grate, and hark for his step,
And stare in the fire with a troubled mind;
The glow of the coals is bright in my face,
But my shadow is dark behind!

I think of woman, and think of man,
The tie that binds, and the wrongs that part,
And long to utter in burning words
What I feel to-night in my heart.

No weak complaint of the man I love,
No praise of myself, or my sisterhood;
But—something that women understand—
By men never understood!

Their natures jar in a thousand things;
Little matter, alas, who is right or wrong.
She goes to the wall! "*She is weak,*" they say:
It is that that makes them strong!

HON. DANIEL E. SICKLES IN PRISON AT WASHINGTON.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

But grant us weak (as in truth we are
In our love for them!), they should make us strong:
But do they? Will they? "WOMAN IS WEAK!"
Is the burden still of their song!

Wherein am I weaker than Arthur, pray?
He has, as he should, a sturdier frame,
And he labors early and late for me,
But I—I could do the same!

My hands are willing, my brain is clear,
The world is wide, and the workers few;
But the work of the world belongs to man,
There is nothing for woman to do!

Yes, she has the holy duties of home,
A husband to love, and children to bear;
The softer virtues, the social arts—
In short, a life without care!

So our masters say. But what do they know
Of our lives, and feelings, when they are away?
Our household duties, our petty tasks,
The nothings that waste the day?

Nay, what do they care? 'Tis enough for them
That their homes are pleasant; they seek their ease:
One takes a wife to flatter his pride,
Another, to keep his keys!

They say they love us; perhaps they do,
In a masculine way, as they love their wine:
But the soul of a woman needs something more,
Or it suffers at times like mine!

Not that Arthur is ever unkind
In word or deed, for he loves me well;
But I fear he thinks me weak as the rest—
(And I may be, who can tell?)

I should die if he changed, or loved me less,
For I live at best but a restless life:
Yet he may, for they say the kindest men
Grow tired of a sickly wife!

Oh, love me, Arthur! my lord, my life,
If not for my love, and my womanly fears,
At least for your child— But I hear his step—
He must not find me in tears!

THE WASHINGTON TRAGEDY.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

WASHINGTON, *March* 11, 1859.

THINGS IN THE WASHINGTON JAIL.

THE jail in which Mr. Sickles is confined is a building which is entitled to the immediate attention of Miss Dix, or some other philanthropist. It combines all the disadvantages which have been gradually removed from every other place of confinement in Christendom. It swarms with vermin; it has no sewerage, no bath, no water, no ventilation; and frequently contains twelve prisoners in one close, narrow cell. The prisoners have no employment, although some of them are confined for terms of three or four years; and they drag out their wretched lives in playing cards and sleeping. To add to all its beauties, it is miserably insecure, and, in the language of one of the guards, "any smart mechanic could cut his way out with a jack-knife." The guards are compelled to take their sleep in their clothing, with arms ready for use, in case of an attempt to break out. It requires some courage to refuse a writ of *habeas corpus*, with the prospect of release from such a horrible place; and yet Sickles has resolutely insisted upon taking the regular legal course, *although the first night he spent in this barbarous place he was found covered with bed-bugs so as to be literally black with them.* This, it is only justice to say, arose from no fault of the warden, who was utterly unacquainted with the existence of such a state of things in that particular cell, and had taken every precaution to preserve its cleanliness; but the building is old, worthless, and overrun with these pests to such an extent that all the lime in the world, and all the vigilance, can not prevent their forays. When it was found how completely the enemy had possession of the cell Mr. King very kindly gave up his own room, and there Mr. Sickles has been confined ever since. This is a much more cheerful apartment than the cavernous-looking dungeon which some of the enterprising weeklies, who are "indebted to their imagination for their facts," have depicted. Still it is a room in a prison, and the iron bars are far from pleasant. The wretched air of the prison is perfectly poisonous; and to remedy this in part a tin ventilator has been inserted in place of a pane of glass, and night and day it keeps up a merry rattling, which would almost lead one to the belief that the dungeon is part of an immense train jogging comfortably along at the rate of twenty miles an hour.

HOW SICKLES EMPLOYS HIMSELF.

Contrary to our preconceived opinions, time does not hang heavily upon the hands of the prisoner. He sleeps soundly for five or six hours every night, rises refreshed, takes a sponge-bath, makes his toilet with as much scrupulous exactness as circumstances will permit; and then, after breakfast, sits down to read the pile of letters received the previous night. Soon visitors begin to arrive, and counsel come for consultation; and so the day wears on apace, and another night in prison commences. Then more friends; and when these have all gone one generally remains until he is ready to retire. Already letters enough have been received to fill a large book; political enemies have written most hearty epistles of condolence, and personal enemies have published articles justifying the deed. The New York *News* is a case in point, for a more fair and impartial editorial has not been published than the leader in the organ of the Wood Democracy of the 3d instant. Indeed it has been rather a hopeful exhibition of the humanity and generosity of American character that, with one or two unimportant exceptions, the criticism of the press has been entirely unbiased by partisan or personal motives.

DEPARTURE OF MRS. SICKLES.

Mrs. Sickles, accompanied by Madame Bagioli and two well-known gentlemen, mutual friends of Mr. and Mrs. Sickles, left Washington for New York at six o'clock on Thursday, the 10th instant. Madame Bagioli arrived here ten days previously, intending to return to New York with her daughter within a day or two; but the terrible grief of the latter brought on an attack of illness which rendered it impossible for her to leave her room before the day on which she started. Mrs. Sickles has for a long time been afflicted with a functional disorder of the heart, which, under the great excitement to which she has been subjected, became very alarming in its effects. *She never left her house from the time of the affray until she entered the carriage which was to take her to the dépôt.* Although frequently importuned to allow her a parting interview, Mr. Sickles has uniformly, with kindness but resolutely, refused to see her, feeling that such an interview could only inflict torture upon all parties. He has given to M. and Madame Bagioli the use of his country-seat at Bloomingdale so long as Mrs. Sickles shall remain under their protection, and has allowed his mother-in-law temporarily to have charge of his little daughter, in order that his wife, while enduring the first severe pangs caused by their separation, may have the help of their child's society to console her.

MR. SICKLES'S DEPORTMENT.

Mr. Sickles has maintained a very proper deportment ever since his incarceration. He has talked freely with all who have visited him, preserving manly firmness without bravado, and by word and look showing that he is painfully conscious of his solemn situation, without any yielding to mere whining lamentations. His spiritual adviser visits him every evening. He evidently feels most poignant regret for the circumstances which, in his judgment, forced him to the deed, but has not yet expressed any faltering or doubt as to the propriety of his course *under the circumstances.* In the prison he is treated with as much consideration as possible, but asks for no favors; having placed himself in the hands of the law, he seems to regard himself as entirely at the disposal of its officers, and asks for a shovelful of coals or a pitcher of cold water as respectfully and meekly as if he had never known how to demand service. Of his wife he always speaks with a tenderness which is dashed with a hopeless regret that to him she can be a wife no longer. To the many offers of service—some of them from those who, heretofore, have been his bitterest and most relentless enemies—he answers, "I leave every thing to my counsel and to the law."

VISIT OF THE CHILD.

On Wednesday, when it was ascertained that Mrs. Sickles would be able to leave in the train at six o'clock the next morning, Mrs. Bagioli carried Miss Laura Sickles to see her father. Up to this time, out of a dread that the place in which she would find him would create a terror in her mind, Mr. Sickles had refused to have her brought to him, but when he found she was about to leave, and that having been kept under the impression that he was in New York, whither she was going, and that arriving there and not finding her father she would experience a great disappointment, he finally gave orders to have her brought to him, expressing, at the same time, a fear, which afterward proved to be too well founded, that the visit, much as he wanted to see the child, would result in the formation of some gloomy impression in her mind. Brought down in a carriage on a bright beautiful day the little girl passed, in a few moments, from the clear sunlight into a vaulted room, with bare whitewashed walls and a brick floor; at first the joy of seeing her father engrossed her attention, but soon the strange appearance of things excited her childish wonder. In one corner she found a rack containing a few old muskets belonging to the jail and now superseded by the more efficient revolvers with which the guards are all armed; in another corner was a narrow cot for sleeping, a poorer-looking affair than her father's servants have; and then outside the windows there was a row of iron bars; and, altogether, she was evidently at a loss to know what to make of her father's surroundings, but fully convinced that it was all very queer. She wanted to know why her father did not come home, and was told that he had a great deal of work to do, and could not leave it at present; then she asked if he was not going with mamma and Laura to New York in the morning, and was answered that he could not leave at present, but hoped to see his little daughter again soon. A hundred questions, such as a puzzled and excited child would naturally raise, were propounded, and all apparently parried; but at last some dark foreboding seemed to fall upon her delicate soul, as if the very proximity of a prison and criminals shocked the purity which could not even comprehend the meaning of crime, for suddenly her fair little face became troubled, and her beautiful large dark eyes filled with tears that multiplied and flowed freely down her cheeks, and, when the fountain was exhausted, were replaced by sobs. She could give no answer to the many coaxing inquiries as to what made her weep, and her grief was so great that she was at last taken away by her grandmother, bearing with her a small bunch of flowers which her father had culled from a bouquet on his table, and followed by a yearning agony which caused the strong man to hide his face in his pillow and weep the most bitter tears he has shed since he has been in prison.

THE CODE OF HONOR.

It is evident that many of the journals which are discussing this matter are not thoroughly acquainted with the usages of the "Code of Honor." According to the universal interpretation of that sanguinary legislation, if, instead of yielding to the madness occasioned by the appearance and signals of Key, Sickles had challenged him, the former, on the first shot, must have fired in the air, or have been forever disgraced. Before a cool, skillful marksman the fate of Key would not have been very doubtful. It is reported that he had gone constantly armed for ten days previously; and his instinctive and rapid thrusting of his hand into his breast pocket has caused a surmise that, in changing his coat, he accidentally omitted to transfer his pistol to the pocket of the garment he wore. The position of the parties was such that, if he had been armed, the chances were at least four to one in favor of his having the first shot at Sickles, in which case he might have added to his former wrong the death of the man he had injured.

THE LAW.

It is considered quite probable that, aside from the tremendous provocation, the action of Key when Sickles addressed him, while the latter had both hands in sight without any weapon in either, and the former made a rapid movement which resulted in drawing something that looked like a pistol, will be construed into a justification of the firing. The ruling of the Judge in the Herbert case seems to more than cover this last transaction. The Grand Jury is composed of very respectable and upright men, but by some chance a relative of Mr. Key is included in the panel.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 19, 1859.

THE POST-OFFICE QUESTION.

CONGRESS has adjourned without making any provision for the Post-office deficiency. It is the intention of the President to construe the omission as a rule of conduct, and to reduce the Post-office expenditures as nearly as possible to the limits of the receipts of the Department.

The consequences will, of course, be very serious. The injury will be felt partly by the contractors, and partly by the public. Large reductions will be made in the allowances now made to steamboat and railroad carriers, and, in many parts of the country, it is probable that unproductive mail-routes will be altogether cut off.

The Post-office question in this country needs thorough ventilation. As at present administered, the Post-office costs the country five or six millions a year. It does not carry letters safely. Money letters, registered or unregistered, are exposed to great risks in the Post-office. To speak only of what we know, about two to three hundred dollars a month are stolen from letters addressed to one business firm in this city. The mail travels much more slowly than passengers or the express. An active traveler can give the mail twenty-four hours' distance on a journey of six or eight hundred miles any where in the United States, and beat it to a dead certainty. Under the present system, in a word, the mail is neither safe nor swift, nor profitable to the country.

The true remedy is exceedingly simple. The Post-office Department should be abolished, and the carrying of letters and periodicals placed on the same footing as the transport of parcels and merchandise.

Government post-offices were originally established from necessity. The old Governments of Europe employed couriers to carry Government messages. Those couriers were naturally safer than private carriers could have been, and the Governments soon found that by allowing them to carry private as well as public letters they could be rendered self-supporting. This was the beginning of the Post-office system. As civilization developed, the Post-office revenue became important, and the Governments kept up the service as a financial resource. To this day the Post-office yields a large revenue to the Governments of Great Britain and France.

When our Government was first established it was suggested that the carrying of letters was not a proper function of Government. The framers of the Constitution, however, had so many radical innovations to occupy their mind that they neglected this one, and the Post-office Department was left in *statu quo.* It has now worked eighty years—to the infinite disadvantage both of the public and the Government.

It answers no useful purpose whatever. It inflicts three decided injuries. Letters are not carried safely or swiftly, and thus the public are injured. The annual deficit in the revenue is enormous, and thus the Government is embarrassed. The appointment of postmasters on political grounds tends to demoralize citizens throughout the country, and thus it works mischief among the most active class of the people. Here are three arguments—each of which is conclusive—against the system. The subject may vainly be searched for a single solid argument in its favor.

If the postal service were thrown open to the public the express companies would at once undertake it. Letters could be carried at least as cheaply as at present; and in case of loss, the amount lost could be recovered from the carrier. Competition would secure speed in transmission and exactness in delivery. The Government—that is to say, the tax-payers—would save five or six millions a year. Express companies could serve, without loss, post-routes which cost the present Postal Department a large sum annually; they would make enough on freight to reimburse them for any loss on letters.

The arguments in favor of the change are, in fact, so overwhelming that nothing can prevent its speedy realization but the base desire of politicians to keep up the present patronage of the Department—to which, more than to any other single cause, the demoralization of our politics is due.

THE POLICE AND NAVY YARD SCANDALS.

THE Tory papers of England and the organs of the Continental despotisms will have a rare feast over the reports of the investigating committees on the New York Metropolitan Police and the Brooklyn Navy Yard. With what relish will they roll their tongues over the savory scandals of republican administration! How lustily the rascals will howl over the evidences of decaying democracy! How triumphantly will they prove that, because Commissioner Nye coquetted with benefactions, and our estimable townsman, John Cochrane, insisted on his electioneering "friend" being employed at the Navy Yard, therefore popular government is a fallacy, and the American people must, if they wish to save themselves from utter ruin, straightway proceed to establish a hereditary aristocracy, a solid throne, and a court of Chancery with a woolsack! Since the absurdities of the European Democrats of 1848 the Tories never had such a windfall.

Let them rave. We, who have a better chance than they to see things as they are; we, who have no purpose to serve beyond that of order, good government, and sound administration; we, who know that all governments are a choice of evils, and the wisest political methods temporary expedients, not necessarily perfect, but the best, under the circumstances, that can be risked; we are not likely to be driven, by the disgust inspired by the corrupt proceedings of our politicians, or the melancholy shortcomings of our public administrators, into a system which, on the face of it, is an outrage upon common sense, and which, in practice, must be absurd as a rule, and can only be exceptionably decent and defensible.

At the same time there is no disguising the fact that while, on the one hand, the exigencies of the ruling party at Washington has rendered the Navy Yard at Brooklyn an incubus and a laughing-stock, similar exigencies on the part of the ruling party at Albany have caused equally grave disorders in the Police department of New York.

There is nothing to choose between the two parties. Both are equally at fault. The leaders of both are alike corrupt.

Thirty years have elapsed since General Jackson set the fatal example of making public offices a reward for political services. The plan has been maturing ever since. It has now ripened, and the fruit is before us in the shape of incompetent public servants, degraded Congressmen, rampant corruption, drunken and dishonest policemen, rowdies in the guise of mechanics at the Navy Yard—on every side gross incapacity, fatal shortcomings, and general demoralization. It remains to be seen how long the people of the United States will submit to an abuse so flagrant, and how long a period will elapse before a man will arise with courage and nerve enough to select public servants not on the ground of political fidelity but on that of fitness for their office.

THE LOUNGER.

PUBLIC BEHAVIOR.

"MY DEAR MR. LOUNGER,—I observe that you have a word to say now and then about the conduct of grown-up people in various situations, and I make bold, therefore, to tell you of the difference which I lately remarked between the behavior of an audience in New York and one in Boston. Nobody need fly into a passion in advance, and say that he doesn't wish to hear what a stuck-up Athenian has to say, because I am not an Athenian; I am a plain Knickerbocker, thank Heaven! and eat my krollers, and drink my beer, and smoke my pipe upon the stoop, and scoff at the Boston State House, and have my own opinion of the Frog Pond.

"But that is neither here nor there (I mean my opinion, not the Frog Pond; which, as you know, and all men know, is very much *there* indeed); the point is the conduct of the public of the two cities.

"On a certain Friday morning, not a hundred years ago, I went to the Exhibition of Declamation by the students of Columbia College. The exercises were held in Niblo's Saloon, which was crowded by a throng of ladies and gentlemen (at least they seemed to be such). But when the speaking began on the platform it began throughout the house. I, who had come to listen (not that any of my children took part, but as a friend of education and of youth), was appalled at the loud murmur all around me.

"My young friend, Mr. Emerson, was indeed listened to, as he deserved to be. But he had the good luck to come first on the programme; and so my other young friends, Mr. Laurence, Mr. Post, Mr. Greenwood, and Mr. Pell were vociferously applauded—but not much heard. In fact, it was Babel; and I was glad to hear President King censure the indecency of the incessant talking among the audience.

"But it did no good. They talked on louder than

ever. When they applauded, it was done with such stamping and shouting that there is not a circus in the world that would not have been disgraced by it; and the President, with just severity, cried indignantly, 'I call upon the students of the college to separate themselves from those who come here to make a ruffian noise!'

"The whole thing was a noisy row. The applause indicated no intelligence and no appreciation, but simply a foolish determination to make as much confusion as possible. It was an immense audience of apparently respectable people; and if the offenders were only a few among them, they should have been removed by the police.

"The next morning business (W. I. goods) took me to Boston. I arrived at evening, because I had arranged to see a dealer at Hartford and one at Worcester; and so had to give the day to travel. Looking around to see how I should amuse myself, I observed a notice of a concert at the Music Hall, and thither I went.

"'Tis a noble hall, and at least three thousand people were packed into it. The music was entirely German, of which I was glad enough, for I have long wanted to have the taste of *Trovatore* taken out of my mouth. [*Note to the indignant reader:* You are a great lover of *Trovatore*, and think me a barbarian. Well, think so. A man who would be sensitive about the *Trovatore* would have just wit enough to abuse me for liking an entirely German concert. I prefer a flowing beaker of Burgundy to your thin, sweet wine-whey, and gooseberry-wine at that. No—thank you! I take Clos de Vougeot; wish you much pleasure with your sweet slops. Day! day!]

"The thing is that the audience was magnificent in numbers and in conduct. The performance was admirable. There was an arrangement for eight hands of Weber's *Invitation to the Waltz*. It was by Otto Dresel—a pianist whom New York lost; and, losing, lost the most passionate and poetic player in the country. Dresel played with three friends, Mr. I. C. D. Parker among them. The first time it went splendidly. The next, obeying a determined encore, it fell out of time a little. But, on the whole, it was an exquisite concert. There was no piece too long, nor were there too many pieces; and when the three thousand applauded, they did not bang their heels and sticks and umbrellas against the floor—they did not yelp and shout Hi! hi!—they did not whistle and roar—but a solid clapping of hands, uninterrupted by a single heel, not only made the best applause, but showed that it was the applause of people worth the pleasing

"I take the liberty to prefer that kind of audience, gathered to hear music, to the one I encountered in my native city which came to hear oratory. The Athenians behaved with dignity and self-respect, and a profoundly intelligent and appreciative enjoyment. The Knickerbockers behaved like circus riders, rowdies, and children. I know what Boston has to struggle with. I have actually seen that yellow State House—yellow enough to give all Massachusetts the jaundice. I am fully aware of the Frog Pond, and the other difficulties. I reflect with pardonable pride upon our nine millions tax, and smile with sympathy upon a little city so handy that a man needs less than an hour to reach his home from his office.

"But I must acknowledge that little Boston bears up bravely under its airy and shady Common, its clean streets, and its conveniences. I grant that it has grown somewhat sober in the effort to sit upon three hills at once; and I see that stretching, with the mere fatigue of growth, it has already laid its head in Roxbury, and its finger-tips on Cambridge and Charlestown. But I am not yet prepared to believe what I lately saw in the Springfield *Republican*, that the Atlantic Ocean rises in Boston harbor and flows eastward.

"These are things that naturally make a wise man—[*Note to the indignant reader:* Meaning me]—ponder. But, settle them how he will, he can not deny that the behavior of a Boston audience is superior to that of Hi-hi-ing Yorkers.

"Yours respectfully, Mr. Lounger,

"Hans Van Tromp."

A FAIR BUSINESS TRANSACTION.

Our French friend, late of Leicester Square, London, and the nephew of his uncle, has recently informed France and the world that "the happy union of my well-loved cousin, Prince Napoleon, with the daughter of King Victor Emanuel is not one of those unusual facts to which some hidden reason must be attributed, but the natural consequence of community of interests of the two countries and of the friendship of the sovereigns."

Douglas Jerrold was of the opinion that impudence is the master key of success. His temporary Majesty of France would surely agree with him. There is something ludicrously preposterous in the affability with which a smart French adventurer disposes of the hand of a princess of an old royal house, and complacently informs mankind that the marriage of a contemptible *roué* cousin of his need not—his *word* for it (see his oath as President of the Republic)—disturb the peace of the world.

There is no need of supposing that Louis Napoleon is any falser or shabbier than most other men who have climbed from obscurity to conspicuous position. It is a journey during which they all steal, and lie, and murder, and call the gratification of their ambition the maintenance of public order. It is a prodigious game, in which the gambler stakes every thing. Only don't let us suppose that if it be wrong for a private gentleman to break a promise which he has made to his coachman, it is right for Mr. Louis Bonaparte to break an oath which he made to his country and the world.

And therefore it is that we regret to observe in a recent "Mount Vernon Paper" an effort to excuse the conduct of the present French Emperor. Unquestionably he is a man of ability, and Lord Malmesbury does not hesitate to say that he holds European peace and war in his hands. But what thoughtful man does not feel that he is, after all, an adventurer, and sits as insecurely upon his throne as a monarch can? Who believes that his infant son is going to slip smoothly into his father's seat?

The question for a public moralist to decide is, whether the oath of a public man, publicly uttered in the face of Heaven and mankind, is not to be as sacred as the word of a private man in unimportant relations? Louis Napoleon was not obliged to return to France, nor to accept the Presidency, nor to take the oath. The author of the "Mount Vernon Papers" insists that "Louis Napoleon did but anticipate a movement of the Chambers against himself." But he does not state the occasion of that movement, which was based upon the suspicion of his treasonable intention—a suspicion, as the Chambers then thought, amply justified, and history now shows how truly they thought.

Besides, granting that the Chambers were false to their oaths, what then? Mohammed Ali suspected that the Egyptian Mamalukes meant to assassinate him—as they undoubtedly did—and he caught them in the court of the Citadel, at Cairo, under a fair pretense, and his guard shot them all down except one, who leaped his horse over the wall, fell to a great depth—was, fortunately, but slightly hurt—and galloped off to tell the tale. Mohammed Ali was, indeed, a shrewder villain than his comrades, but has morality any commendation for the wholesale murder of the Mamalukes? He was, unquestionably, the best governor Egypt has known for centuries. Does that fact excuse his crimes, or do they cease to be crimes because he was an effective ruler?

We protest again against the tendency to judge public acts and public men by any other standard than that of simple honesty. What right has any man to "extinguish" what the "Mount Vernon Paper" calls "venal demagogues," if, at the same time he breaks his oath and extinguishes "the liberties of the country?" "What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Louis Napoleon is as much a criminal in the eye of simple morality as any convict in Sing Sing. The man who loses his last penny at Faro and the man who wins a fortune differ only in luck, not in principle or respectability. The man who picks your pocket of a red bandana handkerchief and the one who swindles the government of millions of dollars are both thieves, and the size of the sin does not improve its quality.

SHALL WE RIDE ON RAILS?

However inevitable the taking of Cuba may be, there is no doubt of the inevitability of a railroad in Broadway. There may be great delays, and quarrels, and indignations. But they must all settle themselves as they can. For here is a long thoroughfare choked more and more every year by vehicles, and those vehicles mainly the huge clumsy omnibus.

The omnibus must go. It smells of the old stage-coach, and must join it. Like the old coach, however, let it dwindle by soft degrees. First it shall fade into the chief side-streets, then into the lesser, and finally drive off the scene altogether.

Fine equipages must also go. They no more belong in Broadway than pearl-gray gloves in Wall Street. They must roll their unjarring springs in streets of leisure remote from trade. Even now private carriages have usually stringent orders not to go below certain streets far above the Park. "Reform it altogether," says Hamlet—let us have no private carriages at all in Broadway, or at their own peril.

Broadway is used by gentlemen going to and from business—by ladies going shopping—and by merchandise in transportation. Cars will accommodate the first, and carts the last. The great artery of passage will be relinquished to cars and carts—and it ought to be. Strike the stages from Broadway, and you have gained space enough for a proper double track. Lay the track, and private carriages will be generally withdrawn; and when you have taken out the omnibuses and carriages you have relieved the suffocation of the street.

Conflicting interests will have their various eloquence in the discussion, and somebody will undoubtedly gain by the change and somebody lose. One point is clear, that whoever has the right of laying a railway granted, should be compelled to make terms with the omnibuses so that they may retire. Individuals may gain or lose, but the great public can be only gainers by the change. There are brave men at this very moment engaged in kicking against the pricks. They come of a most respectable ancestry who have been doing the same thing from time immemorial.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—An Occasional Reader, who used to contribute to the English papers of a hundred years ago (at least the signature is the same), answers more fully the question about the line of Dr. Garth's:

"To die is but to land upon some silent shore."

"The words are slightly misquoted; but the passage is found, where few would look for it, in a burlesque poem, celebrated in its day, the 'Dispensary,' by Dr. Garth, in the Third Canto.

"The whole passage is as follows:

"'To die is landing on some silent shore,
Where billows never break, nor tempests roar:
Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 'tis o'er.
The wise through thought th' insults of death defy;
The fools, through bless'd insensibility.
'Tis what the guilty fear, the pious crave;
Sought by the wretch, and vanquished by the brave.
It eases lovers, sets the captives free;
And, though a tyrant, offers liberty.'"

—Torso, Blacksburg, Virginia, says that a little sarcasm may be found lurking somewhere in the following note. Where can it be?

"Perhaps you are annoyed by such questions as, 'Who wrote this stanza of nice poetry?' 'Who first gave to the world this brilliant sentence?' 'Who was the author of Dick's works?' And 'who was the father of Zebedee's children?' etc., etc. However, as I am an American citizen, I claim the right to ask one question, and I do hope that it may receive your calm consideration, and a correct answer in the end.

"'*In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.*' Who is the author of this sentence, and where can it be found?"

—T. I. C. Douloureux, writes a piteous appeal, describing a classical debate. Brown, who graduated at an American college, maintains that the long Latin *i* has the sound of the modern Italian *i*, which, he says, is that of *ee*; and that it is so taught in all the Universities here and on the Continent of Europe.

Smith, English, on the contrary, maintains that it has the sound of the long English *i*, as in fire; that it is so taught in all British Universities; and that such intonation is more consonant with the grand, characteristic dignity of the ancient Romans. Imagine, says he, a Cicero, or a Brutus, in presence of the assembled Senate of Rome, rendering that famous dispatch of Cæsar, "Venee, Veedee, Veecee!!"

The case is without comfort. The pronunciation of the Latin is lost with the song the sirens sang. Modern nations generally follow the best analogy of their languages. The Germans, for instance, pronounce what we call Cicero (as if spelled Sisero) Kikero, and the Italians pronounce it Chitchero. The best rule is to adopt that style which is most familiar in the country where you are. If you spoke of Kikero in an Italian University you would not at first be understood, and when you were, you would be laughed at. And perhaps Cicero might laugh at all the Universities in Christendom if he heard them pronounce his name.

—Radix says:

"I find in 'The Table Book,' edited by W. Hone, in London, 1827, the following anecdote of the illustrious Washington and the celebrated Admiral Vernon:

"When the Admiral was attacking Porto Bello he observed a fine young man in appearance, who, with the most intrepid courage, attended with the utmost calmness, was always in that part of the ship which was most engaged. After the firing had ceased the Admiral sent his Captain to request the young man would attend upon him, which he immediately obeyed; and the Admiral, entering into conversation, discovered by his answers and observations that he possessed more abilities than usually fall to the lot of mankind in general. Upon his asking his name, the young man told him it was George Washington; and the Admiral, on his return home, strongly recommended him to the attention of the Admiralty. This great man, when he built his house in America, out of gratitude to his first benefactor, named it '*Mount Vernon*,' and at this moment it is called so.

"Is this statement corroborateable?"

The Lounger would humbly ask if any thing can be so dreadful as that last word? The story itself is what the French would call a *duck*. Either Hone is a jester—or Radix is.

—E. S., Attleborough, is in some perplexity in his admiration of the late Countess Ossoli, born Margaret Fuller. He prefers the affectionate and noble woman to the Minerva that he conceives the girl to have been; and he exhorts all young women to avoid the "technicalities" of learning, and, above all, to beware of overlooking the graces. Knowledge, combined with feminine grace, E. S. approves. In his own words, "he believes himself to be equal to the zesty enjoyment of such combinations." Women may properly be familiar with "the beautiful stories connected with the names" of the constellations, but in mixed society they must not converse about "parallax, refraction, and the ephemeris." "It would mortify your husbands if they should talk to you of the common things of literature which you could not appreciate." Yes, but no more than it would mortify the wives to find an equal ignorance in the husband, E. S.; and that is quite as likely. Margaret Fuller was a noble and forever-honorable woman, because she had a higher ideal of life than pleasing some imaginary husband.

—Snob-hater writes an indignant note against the newspaper correspondents who gossip about the Princess Frederic William; and says, in a postscript, "Suppose the interesting event doesn't happen?" The hypothesis is too late. The baby is born. And whenever a prince marries a princess, though he take post to Prussia and hide in rural castles, there will Jenkins be—studying the bride's blushes and the groom's boots, and putting his observations into touching epistolary forms for all mankind, which will devour them with the greatest relish.

—L. E. G., Little Falls, New York, is thanked for his tender little dirge, "Angeline," for which the Lounger wishes he had room. This is the last stanza:

"When I chance to meet at play
Artless childhood, ever gay,
Beating hearts, unknowing mine,
Run to meet me on my way,
Asking, where is Angeline?"

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

Franklin Square, *Saturday, March* 12, 1859.

The week which ends to-day has not been remarkable for any particular activity in the commercial or financial world. The work of recovery progresses slowly; but we are happy to add that thus far it has received no check. Nearly all branches of the importing trade are prosperous, and there appears to be a prospect that the cotton shippers will do better than they have done heretofore.

Money is again worth less than four per cent. on call on good securities. Short first-class paper, which is very scarce, is done at five; long paper at 6 @ 7 @ 8, according to quality. Exchange on Europe continues to rule above the specie shipping point, and we are losing to Europe rather more than our receipts from California.

Stocks are lower. There is no speculation outside of the board-room, and the fluctuations which succeed each other from day to day are too insignificant to be noticed. As the spring advances, a speculation in the best of the Western railways is not improbable.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

New York, *Saturday, March* 12, 1859.

The Wholesale Produce Markets have been less active for the principal kinds of Breadstuffs, the advanced claims of owners checking quotations....Cotton has been very freely dealt in at improved prices....Provisions, Groceries, Hides, Sole Leather, Dry Codfish, Pickled Mackerel, Pickled Herring, Tobacco, and Wool have been in fair demand at our revised quotations....Naval Stores have been more sought after at firmer rates.... The movements in Dry Goods have been restricted, the demand having been quite moderate for the season; yet prices of desirable styles of Domestic and Foreign fabrics rule very firm. The value of the week's imports of Dry Goods has been $2,364,674 against $1,092,568 the same week last year. The imports since January 1 have been $26,804,483 against $10,704,793 same time last year. The movements in other commodities have not been productive of any remarkable changes. We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Unsound State Flour, per bbl.	$4 25	@	$5 25
Superfine to extra State, per barrel	5 40	@	6 70
Superfine to fancy Western, per barrel	5 60	@	5 95
Extra Western, per barrel	6 60	@	8 75
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel	6 75	@	8 00
Extra Canadian, per barrel	6 65	@	7 25
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel	6 25	@	8 75
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl.	3 70	@	4 30
Corn Meal, per barrel	3 70	@	4 20
White Wheat, per bushel	1 45	@	1 80
Red Wheat, per bushel	95	@	1 55
Mixed Western Corn, per bushel	88	@	90
Rye, per bushel	88	@	92
Barley, per bushel	65	@	85
Western Oats, per bushel	60	@	63
State Oats, per bushel	56	@	58
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel	51	@	55
Southern Oats, per bushel	48	@	54
Cotton, middlings, per pound	12¼	@	12½
Mess Pork, per barrel	17 62½	@	18 25
Prime Pork, per barrel	—	@	13 25
Country Mess Beef, per barrel	8 25	@	9 75
Cut Meats, per pound	6½	@	9½
Lard, per pound	11½	@	12
State Butter, per pound	16	@	27
Western Butter, per pound	11	@	19
Cheese, per pound	8	@	11
Rice, per 100 pounds	3 25	@	4 25
Rio Coffee, per pound	10	@	12½
Cuba Sugar, per pound	6¼	@	8
Cuba Molasses, per gallon	24	@	33
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	6½	@	8¾
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	38	@	40
Hyson Teas, per pound	25	@	55
Oolong Teas, per pound	26	@	55
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	28½	@	29
Hops, new, per pound	10	@	18
Hops, per pound, 1857	2½	@	5
Hay, per 100 pounds	65	@	80
Tallow, per pound	10½	@	10¾
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds	3 87½	@	—
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	51	@	52½
Tar, per barrel	2 37½	@	2 75
Common Rosin, per 310 pounds	1 72½	@	1 75
Linseed Oil, per gallon	66	@	68
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound	6	@	14
Seed Leaf Tobacco	6	@	25
American Fleece Wool, per pound	36	@	56
" Pulled Wool	32	@	45
Am. Yellow Beeswax, per pound	38	@	44
Refined Ingot Copper, per pound	24	@	24½
Live Geese Feathers, per pound	42	@	48
Dry Codfish, per hundred weight	3 75	@	4 37½
Large No. 1 Mackerel, per barrel	16 00	@	16 25
Pickled Herring, per barrel	3 25	@	4 25
Smoked Herring, per box	18	@	20
Am. Hemp, undressed, per ton	115 00	@	135 00
Am. Hemp, dressed, per ton	170 00	@	190 00
Clover Seed, per pound	10	@	10½
Timothy Seed, per bushel	2 60	@	2 75

Stocks of several Articles in New York about March 1.

	1858.	1859.
Ashes, barrels	1,936	2,045
Coffee, packages	50,977	75,944
Cotton, bales	23,803	100,057
Dyewoods, tons	2,816	2,902
Hemp, tons	550	345
Hemp, bales	29,169	20,603
Hides, number	260,584	48,158
Leather, Sole, sides	273,600	68,400
Molasses, hogsheads	2,609	3,881
Molasses, tierces and barrels	4,308	5,077
Pork, barrels	14,879	84,382
Beef, tierces and barrels	23,285	59,078
Rice, tierces	11,028	6,296
Rice, bags	3,578	—
Sugars, hogsheads	12,193	14,878
Sugars, boxes	5,928	5,969
Sugars, bags	1,512	10,473
Tobacco, Crude, hogsheads	3,980	8,049
Tobacco, Crude, bales	5,328	12,833
Turpentine, Crude, barrels	—	None
Turpentine, Spirits, barrels	—	12,000

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were moderately active for Beeves....Milch Cows were plenty, and in slack demand....Veal Calves, Sheep and Lambs, and Swine were in fair request....The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compare as follows:

	Week ending *March* 2.	Week ending *March* 9.
Beeves	3,643	3,453
Milch Cows	181	223
Veal Calves	581	494
Sheep and Lambs	6,906	4,418
Swine	9,938	8,499

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to Premium Beeves, per pound	$ 7½	@	$ 12
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head	20 00	@	60 00
Veal Calves, per pound	5	@	8
Sheep and Lambs, per head	3 00	@	8 00
" " per pound	5	@	10
Live Swine, per pound	4½	@	6½
Dressed " "	6¾	@	8½
Roasting Pigs, each	1 00	@	2 00

The Country Produce Markets have been rather quiet. Prices, however, have not varied remarkably.

Wholesale Prices obtained by Producers at Washington Market.

Apples, new, per barrel	$2 50	@	$ 5 00
Chestnuts, per bushel	2 50	@	3 50
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	2 00	@	2 50
Potatoes, per barrel	1 25	@	2 50
Potatoes, sweet, per barrel	3 00	@	4 00
Onions, per barrel	3 50	@	5 00
Turnips, per barrel	62½	@	87½
Beets, per barrel	87½	@	1 12½
Carrots, per barrel	87½	@	1 12½
Cabbage, per 100	2 00	@	5 00
Cranberries, per barrel	4 00	@	16 00
Celery, table, per dozen bunches	75	@	1 00
Celery, Soup, per dozen bunches	15	@	20
Oyster Plants, per 100 bunches	5 00	@	6 00
Garlic, per 100 bunches	5 00	@	—
Parsley, per 100 bunches	1 25	@	2 00
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	17	@	18
Chickens, per pound	10	@	13
Fowls, per pound	9	@	13
Geese, per pound	8	@	11
Turkeys, per pound	12	@	14
Ducks, per pound	15	@	20
" black, per pair	75	@	87½
" widgeon, per pair	75	@	1 00
" canvas back, per pair	2 25	@	2 75
Pigeons, per dozen	2 25	@	2 75
Partridge, per pair	87	@	93
Rabbits, per pair	25	@	37
Venison, per pound	6	@	10

THE NEW YORK METROPOLITAN POLICE.

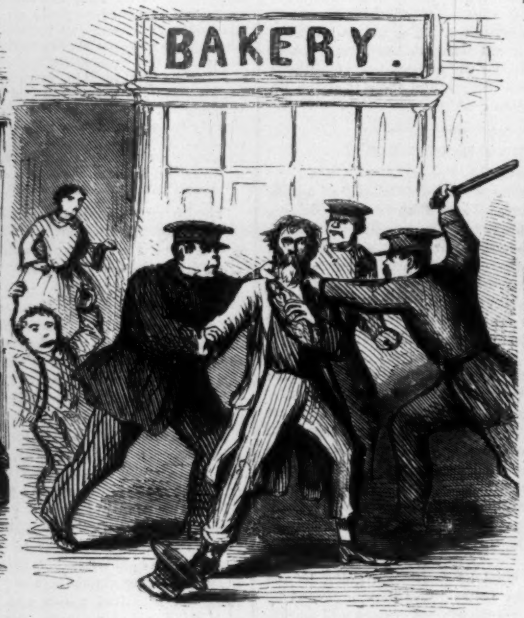
A PICTORIAL ANALYSIS OF THE REPORT TO THE LEGISLATURE.

1. These gentlemen, finding the garroting business on the decline, resolve to become guardians of law and order, and enter the Metropolitan Police.

2. Policemen are but men, and when young and fascinating women happen to get into the police-stations, who can blame them if they are civil and gallant?

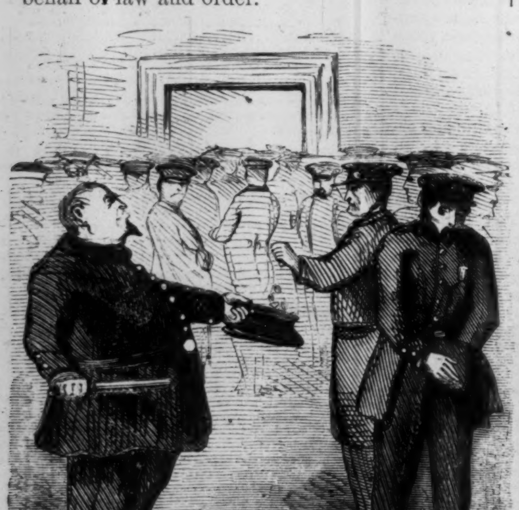
3. As to poor devils, houseless wretches, with no good looks, and steeped in poverty and misery, can a high-bred policeman be expected to cringe to such as these? No, no; let them eat the bread of sorrow.

4. If a rowdy who votes with the Republicans happens to stick his knife into his neighbor's midriff, the judicious Metropolitan policeman instantly discovers a fight between two small boys at the next corner and hastens to interfere on behalf of law and order.

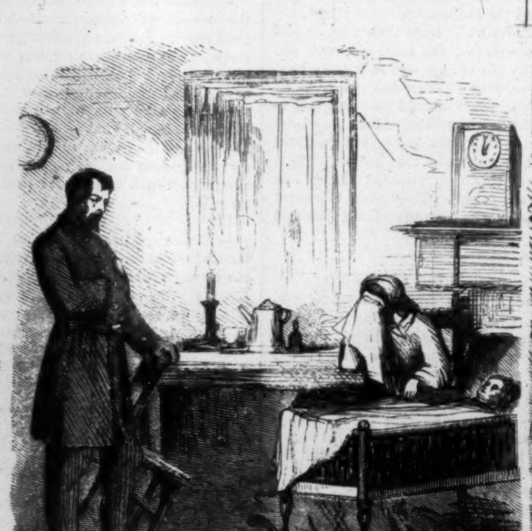


5. But if a poor wretch of a Democrat steals a loaf for his starving family, the zeal and fury of the Metropolitan police know no bounds, and the fellow is lucky if he be not brained on the spot.

6. A high-minded Commissioner scorns the idea of accepting a house bought by the members of the force; but somehow the house *is* bought, and the title-deeds are slipped into somebody's pocket without his knowledge and tremendously against his will.

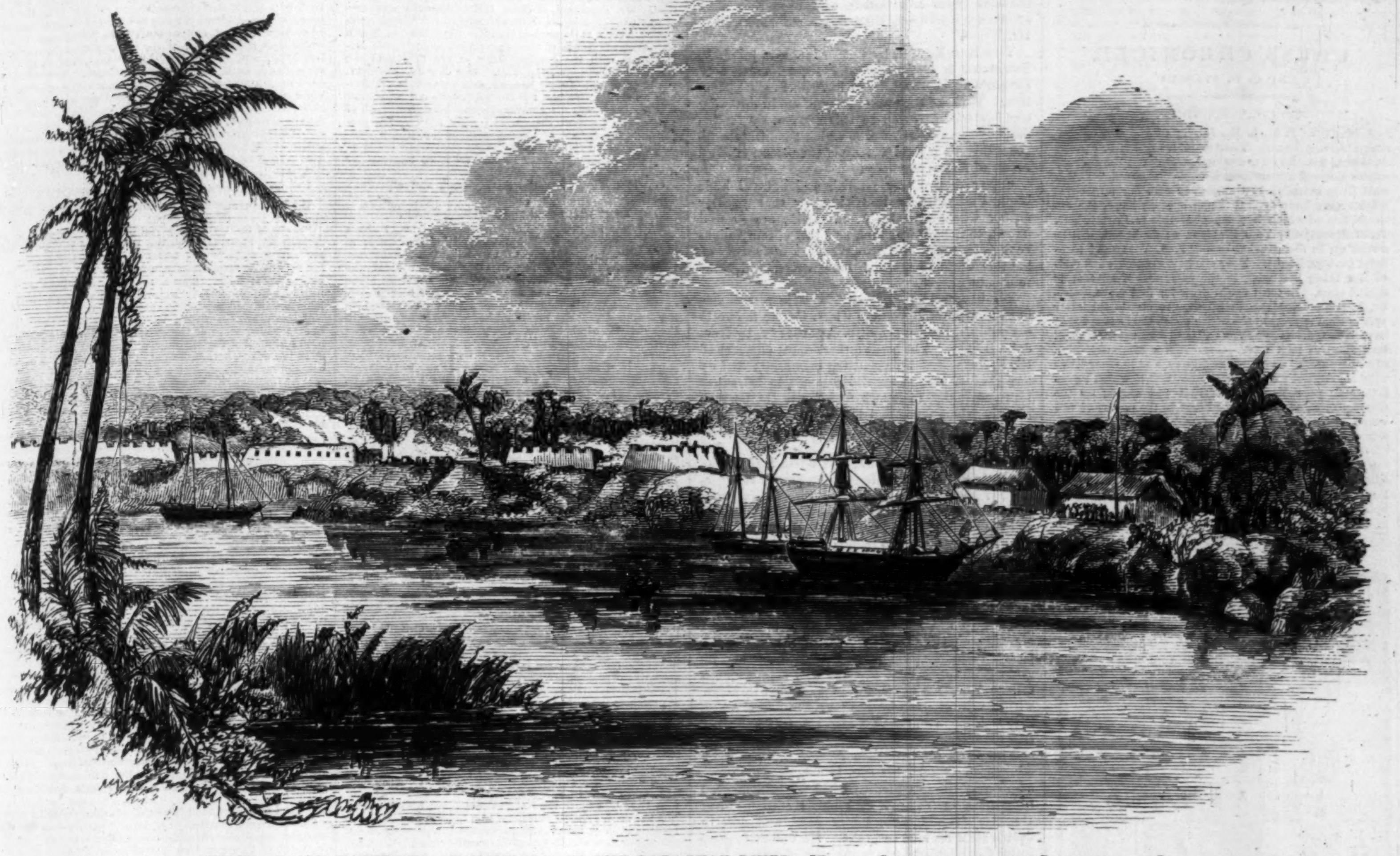


7. The powers that be ask no favor; but when they want new clothes a friendly captain goes round with the hat, and as for the patrolman who declines to put in a quarter, he had better emigrate to California by the next steamer.



8. The consequence of which is, that the poor patrolman is unable to procure the food which his sick wife requires, and his children go without stockings and without new frocks.

9. The police service continues, however, to be admirably efficient, and quite a number of hack-carriages are actively employed on pressing police duty, as above depicted.



VIEW OF THE BATTERIES AT HUMAITA, ON THE PARAGUAY RIVER.—[FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THE PARAGUAY EXPEDITION.

THE accompanying view at Humaita, on the Paraguay River, and map of the Paraguay, are from sketches sent us by our special correspondent with the expedition to Paraguay. They will be of great value as soon as news reaches us of the commencement of operations; our readers are advised to keep them.

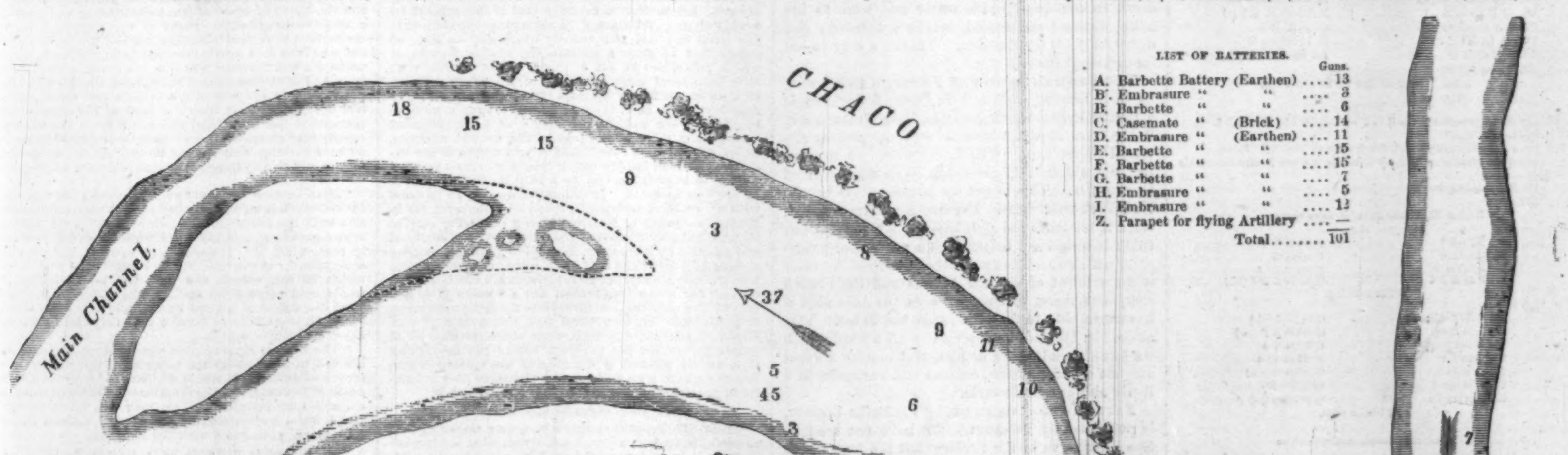
The scene is thus described in letters to the *Herald:*

"After passing the confluence of the rivers Paraguay and Parana, at Tres Bocas (Three Mouths), there is, first, a little fortress of inconsiderable note. A short distance up the Paraguay, however, there is a range of defenses of more note, which are intended to command the river. The batteries extend along the shore for a mile and a half, and mount about one hundred and fifty guns.

"The breast-works are built of timber filled in behind with clay. The bank is fifteen feet above the water at this point. All the guns are unsheltered except the middle battery of thirteen guns, which is covered in a brick building. The customary leveling of the port-holes is made from the outside instead of within, as usual, in consequence of which the walls are very weak. A large clearing has been recently made on the other side of the river, and it is supposed that as our expedition sails up it may fall in with guns on both banks. Besides, the river is very narrow, and the channel narrower, so that the fort will be within a stone's-throw of any ships passing up the river. Should the Paraguayans be pugnacious, this point might be found a dangerous one; but the latest news from that quarter is that the recent river floods have so undermined the sheltered battery that it has been dismantled. The river has long been approaching the clay bank of that battery; but below the fort, on the same side of the river, little patches have been cleared in the forest. Back of the defenses, on the river bank, irregular breast-works have been erected and pointed up and down the river, to be used in case of an attempt to land. There are 12,000 soldiers within easy call of the fort, of the best troops in South America. They will be certain not to run unless ordered; and the plentiful mixture of Indian blood makes them much more formidable in battle than the pure Spaniard. There can be no doubt that if the Paraguayans desire it, they can make an obstinate fight here, as the ships can not see the fortress until nearly abreast of it. The cleared patches are supposed to be intended for the planting of temporary batteries, to annoy the shipping in case any attempt is made to bombard the fort from a distance. The Paraguayans are not skilled in the use of heavy guns; and though they have succeeded in employing foreign instructors to teach them, these prudent teachers expressly contracted that they would not engage in actual conflict. It is supposed that Judge Bowlin will, however, be compelled to wait below Humaita until negotiations are made with Lopez. But if he should pass Humaita, he will have obtained possession of the key to Paraguay."

Another writer says, referring to a plan published in the *Herald:*

"You will perceive that it confirms the report made in the United States as to the number of guns. The fortifications, as represented in the plan, are, however, of a different construction from what they were supposed to be. Instead of a solid fort commanding river and land, they seem to be a succession of batteries defending every approach by water, but unprotected in the rear except by the land force. The largest of these, it will be seen, is a casemate battery of fourteen guns, whose range extends some distance down the river, but being of brick, they may be demolished without great difficulty. The others are en barbette and embrasures. The army around Humaita is supposed to be 15,000 strong, while an equal force defends Asuncion. Such numbers will have to stir up the best blood of the marines and soldiertars, while consummate skill will be required to fight such batteries with success from the water. It is a satisfaction to know that our naval armaments are the most superior in the world. Among the minor obstructions it is probable that a chain has been stretched across the river at this pass. Those who are best informed seem to be convinced of the fact. If it be so, the motive power of the steamer, or, what is still more certain, a shot, will



LIST OF BATTERIES.

			Guns.
A.	Barbette Battery	(Earthen)	13
B'.	Embrasure "	"	3
B.	Barbette "	"	6
C.	Casemate "	(Brick)	14
D.	Embrasure "	(Earthen)	11
E.	Barbette "	"	15
F.	Barbette "	"	15
G.	Barbette "	"	7
H.	Embrasure "	"	5
I.	Embrasure "	"	12
Z.	Parapet for flying Artillery		—
		Total	101

PLAN OF THE PARAGUAYAN FORTIFICATIONS AT HUMAITA.

easily remove the difficulty; and this is certainly the most liberal view of the defenses of Paraguay and the armies of its most excellent President."

CHESS CHRONICLE.

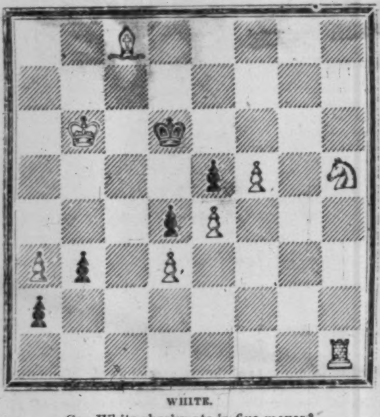
BY C. H. STANLEY

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. M., C. T., F. R., L. M., *Martyr's Chess Club* (Baltimore), J. L. (Lowell). Your solutions to Dr. R.'s pretty Problem, No. XVIII., are quite right. Very many others received are erroneous.——"JACOBUS." Your neat little skirmish just chimes in with our limits this week. (We have several longer ones on hand, the examination of which is postponed—this to F. R. and G. B., of Brooklyn.) Your Problem, we doubt not, will be *served up* in due season.——"F. A. WALKER" (Amherst College, Mass.). Your one game *match* when ended is a thing belonging to the past; and if another is agreed upon, you must again draw for first move.——Dr. R. (Philadelphia). Both letters received—the latter just in time to prevent the notice which the former would have received.——"SYPHAX" and many others shall hear from us next week.——From a communication signed "SENEX" we extract as follows, and in accordance with his request we publish the position to which he refers: "In your Magazine of 1847 you *stirred up* the Chess-players of both hemispheres in the matter of two vexed questions. The first of which, as to the necessity of capturing a Pawn *en passant*, when there is no other legal move, has been settled your way. How about the other? It would afford much gratification to the Chess world if you would republish, in an early *Harper*, the diagram and query which I append, and report the opinions of your learned readers thereon."

PROBLEM XIX.

BLACK.



WHITE.

Can White checkmate in five moves?

Game lately played between "JACOBUS" and another strong player:

(King's Knight's Opening.)

BLACK (*Mr. R.*)	WHITE ("*Jacobus*")
1. P to K 4	P to K 4
2. Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3
3. B to K B 4	B to K B 4
4. Castles	Kt to K B 3
5. Kt to Q B 3 (*a*)	Castles
6. P to K R 3	P to Q 3
7. P to Q 3	P to K R 3
8. K to R sq (*b*)	Q Kt to K 2
9. Q Kt to K 2	Q Kt to Kt 3
10. P to Q 4 (*c*)	K P takes P
11. Q Kt takes P	Kt takes K P
12. Q to Q 3	P to Q 4
13. B to Q Kt 3	P to Q B 3
14. P to Q B 4	B to K 3
15. Kt takes B (*d*)	K B P takes Kt
16. Q B to K 3	R takes K Kt (*e*)
17. Kt P takes R	Q to K R 5
18. K to Kt 2 (*f*)	K B takes B
19. Q takes B (*g*)	Kt to K B 5 (ch)
20. K to Kt sq	

And White mates in two moves.

NOTES.

(*a*) Staunton recommends R to K sq, followed by P to Q B 3.
(*b*) Losing time.
(*c*) An oversight, by which Black loses an important Pawn.
(*d*) A censurable capture, as it brings White's R into immediate play.
(*e*) The winning move.
(*f*) If—
18. P takes Kt, White mates in three moves.
If—

18. K to R 2	Q Kt to K 4
19. Q to K 2	B takes B
20. Q takes B	K Kt to Kt 4
21. P to K B 4	Q Kt to K B 6 (ch)

White winning.

(*g*) If—

19. K B P takes B	Q to Kt 6 (ch)
20. K to R sq	Q takes R P (ch)
21. K to Kt sq	Q Kt to K 4
22. Q to K 2	K Kt to Kt 6
23. Q to Kt 2	Q takes Q (ch)
24. K takes Q	Kt takes R
25. R takes Kt	Q P takes Q B P

And White wins.

LITERARY.

FANKWEI is the odd title of a capital book, written by Dr. W. M. Wood, of the United States Navy, and published by Harper & Brothers, wherein we have, in the first place, much excellent information about the Indian seas and islands; and, in the second place, a great deal of interesting incident and amusing adventure. Dr. Wood is an old surgeon in the navy. He knows his position, its rights, and responsibilities. He can not rap the superior officers' knuckles on ship-board; but let us be grateful that the literary world is a world of glorious equality, and the Doctor, with a pen as sharp as a sword, searches out and stabs the wrongs which abound in our naval system. All this by way of episode, however, and not to the extent of making his book prosy. He starts from New York as fleet surgeon on board the *San Jacinto*, in 1855; touches at Madeira, where he drinks and gives an opinion "as is an opinion" on the vintages of the most celebrated years; goes on to Ascension, where he eats turtle to his entire satisfaction (our Doctor is no enemy to the good things of the world; commend us to Dr. Wood for an adviser in times of need!); then we go with him to the Cape, the Mauritius, Ceylon, Pinang; and then we have some most readable accounts of Siam and the Siamese; and then China, the kingdom of wonders, graphically sketched. We presume no book of recent times contains more information, or information more agreeably conveyed, than this same Fankwei of Dr. Wood.

THE RED ROVER, by Cooper, appears in W. A. Townsend & Co.'s new and superb edition of Cooper's works, to which we have once called attention. We take the opportunity of again directing our readers' attention to this edition, by far the finest of Mr. Cooper's works which has hitherto appeared, and which is worthy of the attention of all lovers of fine typography.

Carter & Brothers publish a delightful little book, PRECEPTS IN PRACTICE, by that popular author whose initials, A. L. O. E., are so well known to the young; and, as a sort of companion-book to it, WARFARE AND WORK, a little story of humble usefulness, which carries its moral home to a young heart.

We have seldom met with a more remarkable book than a small volume which Carter & Brothers publish, the LIFE OF ST. AUGUSTINE, by Rev. John Baillie. The great father—most eloquent of the Fathers—has here a fitting memorial; and we are glad of this successful attempt to introduce him personally to homes and hearts from which his illustrious name and his learning have served to keep him a stranger, except as an object of distant respect and admiration.

THE OLD PLANTATION, and What I Gathered There in an Autumn Month, by James Hungerford, of Maryland, is the last American novel, published by Harper & Brothers. The scene of the story is in Virginia and Maryland; the period modern; the characters Virginia people, white and black. Mr. Hungerford draws his outlines with skill. Each of his *dramatis personæ* is a man or a woman that we can recognize and appreciate. The lover of such delineations—of admirable sketches of Southern life, manners and customs, masters and servants, the inimitable humor of the negro, the polished and "fine old gentleman" style of the Virginia planter—in fact, any one who enjoys an excellent American novel, full of spirit and incident, with a vein of good hearty love running through it to unite it in one train of interest, will enjoy The Old Plantation.

THE LIFE OF DOUGLAS JERROLD, written by Blanchard Jerrold, his son, is a book which any admirer of the late distinguished wit will be glad to possess in Ticknor & Fields's edition. But Douglas Jerrold were better dead and quietly buried than revived in books. He did little good in his day; added little to the sum of human happiness, and nothing to human wisdom; if half that is written of him since his death be true, he hurt more sensitive feelings, and bruised more delicate souls with his roughness and brutality, than all his wit was worth. *Nil nisi bonum*, etc., is well enough for a rule until we see the dead praised at the expense of principle, and to the extent of making bad examples of them. Then let the truth out at once, and Douglas Jerrold be classed where he belonged.

BUCKLAND'S CURIOSITIES OF NATURAL HISTORY is a book to the English edition of which we referred some time ago. It is republished by Rudd & Carleton. Dr. Buckland is a son of the distinguished Buckland, and himself an observer of nature. He writes an amusing, gossipy, anecdotical book about fish, rats, and snakes, with episodes here and there on every animal from an elephant to a mole. By-the-way, who has ever heard of ivory jelly? The author informs us that one pound of ivory sawdust to three quarts of water simmered down to one quart, with sugar and wine to the taste, strained and cooled, makes a delicious and nutritive jelly for the sick. There's a way to eat stewed elephant!

THE CRESCENT AND THE FRENCH CRUSADERS, by G. L. Ditson, published by Derby & Jackson, is a decided improvement upon Mr. Ditson's last work, "The Para Papers," both in contents and in external appearance. The latter work, we remember, was abominably printed in Paris and exported to America. This is got up in good style by the New York publishers. The title is not well-chosen, since it misleads the purchaser. We can not but think it would sell better with a more appropriate title, which should express the fact that the book is an account of modern Algiers and the French conquests there, and not give us the idea that it has something to do with Louis the Saint. This aside, Mr. Ditson's book seems to fill a want which we have all felt more or less, and to give a great amount of information, curious and valuable, in a lively and agreeable style.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER, by Frederika Bremer, is published by Peterson. We have not read it. She informs us in the Preface that the love which forms the plot of this book is paternal and filial love, not the ordinary commodity. This is a temptation to turn over the pages, and we have no doubt that the reader will find them fully up to any thing the very commonplace Swedish lady has ever written.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

EXTRAORDINARY SESSION OF THE SENATE.

ON Saturday, 5th, in extraordinary session of the Senate, a resolution was adopted making inquiries of the Secretary of War relative to the use of Sharpe's rifle carbines in the Army. A resolution was submitted by Mr. Seward, and laid over, calling on the Secretary of War for information in regard to the removal of obstructions from the mouth of the Mississippi River. The changes in the Standing Committees were announced. The rest of the day was spent in secret session.

On Monday, 7th, the Senate did no public business of importance. Messrs. Pettibone and Boleton, binders of extra documents for the Senate, sent in a memorial representing that they had lost money on their contract, and asking for indemnity. The memorial was tabled.

On Tuesday, 8th, a memorial was presented from citizens of Nebraska, protesting against the proposed annexation of a portion of that Territory to Kansas. In secret session the Cass-Herran treaty with New Granada was ratified, as were also several treaties with the Indians.

On Wednesday, 9th, a resolution was adopted requesting the Postmaster-General, in his next annual report, to state the number of letters sent to the dead-letter office, and whether the quantity can be diminished by legislation. Mr. Trumbull, of Ohio, desired to make a personal explanation relative to an editorial in the Washington *Union*, and a statement of Senator Clingman, of North Carolina, published in the same paper, charging the Republicans with the responsibility of the failure of the Post-office Appropriation Bill. The Senate, however, voted to go into secret session, and refused Mr. Trumbull a hearing. When the doors were opened a message was received from the President announcing the death of Postmaster-General Brown, and after appropriate proceedings the Senate adjourned, after appointing a committee to notify the President that they were ready to close the session, provided he had no more business for them.

On Thursday, 10th, the Senate met, and adjourned *sine die.*

THE DEATH-BED OF MR. BROWN.

We read in the *National Intelligencer:* "At about eleven o'clock P.M. on Monday, the President called to see the Postmaster-General, and the last interview between these two high officers of the Government was quite touching. As Mr. Buchanan was about to leave the room, which he had quietly entered and from which he was noiselessly departing, Mrs. Brown remarked to her husband that the President had called to inquire into the condition of his health. He quickly answered that he would be glad to see him; hearing which Mr. Buchanan returned to his bedside. Mr. Brown remarked: 'Mr. Buchanan, I have endeavored faithfully to discharge all my public duties.' To which the President replied that his efforts had been successful, and that the whole country would attest to his fidelity as a public officer, and the success that had attended his administration of the Department; and, while commiserating his suffering condition, expressed a hope for his restoration to health. Mr. Brown seemed conscious that the time for hope had passed; and with evident feeling, having thanked the President for the uniform kindness which he had extended to him and his family, bade him adieu. In a few hours he was no more."

GOVERNOR BROWN'S ANXIETIES.

At a meeting of the Post-office, held two days after Mr. Brown's death, the Hon. Horatio King, First Assistant Postmaster-General, said:

"I saw Governor Brown for the last time on Wednesday forenoon, the day after he was attacked. He was taken with a severe chill on the Monday night previous, and this was followed by a high fever, resulting in pleura-pneumonia, at three o'clock on Tuesday morning. The disease had been checked when I called, and he was comparatively comfortable. He had sent for me to inquire about the business of the Department, and was especially anxious to know what Congress was doing in regard to the Post-office bills before it. I gave him as brief and favorable account thereof as possible, for the physician charged me to occupy his attention but a few moments; and I left him in the fond hope that he would soon recover. But, alas! congestion had already settled upon one of his lungs, and at about two o'clock on the same day the other was attacked, from which time until his death his condition became almost hopeless. He sent for me again the next day, and also for his Third Assistant, who, unknown to him, then laid upon the bed of death; but his physician had left such explicit orders for him to be kept quiet, that I declined to go into his room, excusing myself by an encouraging note which appeared to satisfy him. With occasional interruptions from severe suffering, reviving for a moment the hopes of his family and friends, he continued to sink until death came to his relief. There is no doubt that his great concern relative to the Post-office Department, in the prosperity of which, from the day he took charge of it, he has felt the most lively interest, operated seriously against his recovery. In response to one of his attending physicians on this subject, during one of the intervals of partial relief, he said, with much emphasis: '*Yes, Doctor, I* HAVE *trouble.*' His interview with the President, whom he recognized and conversed with some time last night, is represented to have been most solemn and affecting. He took leave of his family with all that warmth of affection he always, in so remarkable a manner, displayed toward those he so dearly loved. His devoted wife and affectionate step-daughter watched over him every moment to the last, and kind friends were ever ready to assist."

A SERMON ON THE SICKLES TRAGEDY.

Rev. Mr. Haley, a Washington preacher, has delivered a sermon on the Sickles Tragedy, which has been copied into the staid and conservative *National Intelligencer*. We make a few extracts. On the causes of the demoralization which is going on around us, he says:

"We have for several years stopped the importation of foreign virtues, and allowed the vices of all nations to come in duty free. Pugilism, the brutality which makes it a peculiar boast that it is 'the noble British art of self-defense,' has become so common that it can support its weekly organs, and some of its champions are clothed in fine linen and fare sumptuously every day—a state of things that suggests a parable, the closing portion of which might not be out of place. From Germany we have introduced large quantities of manufactured articles, which are falsely invoiced 'theology,' but prove, on examination, to be infidelity; and from France we have encouraged the saddest shipments of evils, foremost among them those loose ideas of the marital relations, which have already established it as a decree of the exclusive circles of fashion that it is improper for a married woman to be accompanied to a ball, theatre, or church by her own husband. In this latter matter, as is usual with us, we have advanced beyond our teachers; for in France the theory of female training (whatever may be its practical results) is that the young woman, secluded and guarded by her parents during her pupilage, receives such careful discipline that when, upon her marriage, she emerges into society, her moral powers are strong enough to place her above temptation; but we make flirts and coquettes of children; we thrust into the dangerous arena of fashionable life, to contend with wild beasts, girls of fifteen or sixteen; and then, when some startling event causes the hidden fire to gleam out of the mountain's side, we are amazed at the fury of the volcano whose flames we have been feeding, and with some poor bucketful of pharisaic moralizing we strive to quench it.

WHY OUR WOMEN GO WRONG.

"I do not presume to stand here as a censor of that powerful instrumentality; I know well what are the difficulties it has to encounter, and how much we are indebted to it for the few conservative influences which remain in our social life. I do not intend to employ random or denunciatory terms; I know nothing of the 'venality,' or 'corruption,' or 'malignity' of the press. I believe American Life owes fully as much to conscientious journalism as to the pulpit; but I can not withhold the suggestion that the American press, in following the example of a newspaper which has made itself the laughing-stock of London by its pompous parade of millinery details on all occasions of Court display, may do much evil by proclaiming and lauding the extravagances of our receptions and balls. Such things have no place in a Democracy; they foster a love of display, and they lead to bankruptcy and dishonor. For the sake of the occasional appearance of ten lines of newspaper comment many a wife has beggared her husband; and the records of eternity only can tell how many foolish women have first heard the tempter's voice in a whisper of notoriety. The devil oftener assumes a garb of silk and jewelry than a form of repulsive criminality. A compassionate yielding, on the part of the press, to a not uncommon request for complimentary notices of a woman's beauty or apparel, may add to the impetus of a descending soul. If my voice could be heard in kindly remonstrance, it should frame, in Scriptural phraseology, a petition to those who not only record but mould public opinion, 'Help those women!' help them to higher conceptions of life, to nobler ambitions, to braver deeds than now exhaust their lives."

THE MORNING AFTER THE TRAGEDY.

The preacher closed thus: "Let me borrow a leaf from my record of experiences for a closing word. Last Monday morning, during those early hours preceding daybreak, when the stars have a peculiarly glittering appearance, as they seem to be rejoicing that their night-watch over this sin-laden earth is drawing to a close, I looked into the infinity above me and thought of the history of the preceding twenty-four hours; of the sudden rush of a spirit from the activities of life into the Unseen; of the children who, within a few hours, had become orphans of one whose future bitterness looked worse than prison bars; of the solitary chamber of desolate grief; and as all the worlds above moved on in their cycle-dance as if there were no crime or woe to arrest even momentary attention, it was as if some penetrating voice called to me from afar and told me how transitory and perishing is all indulgence, all ambition, all worldly maxims, and all worldly glory; how, when we have all ended our feverish dream, the eternities will still be glistening without emotion and without change, and to other hearts than ours will seem to shout from their majestic heights—Mortals, virtue is best!"

THE ACCIDENT ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

We have further details of the explosion on the Mississippi. A correspondent says:

"Four of the large, powerful boilers exploded at once, driving aft, clearing all before them, and the whole upper cabin, state-rooms, hurricane deck, texas and all, fell in almost immediately, and in a few moments the flames burst forth. The shock was so sudden, and so tremendous, so utterly unlooked-for, as, apparently, to have bewildered the most experienced men.

"The pilot, George H. Case, who was at the wheel, knew nothing more of the catastrophe than he suddenly found himself flying through the air, and a moment after in the water, without having the remotest idea of what was the matter.

"At the time of the explosion Messrs. Canonge, Banister, Laville, and Huard were sitting in the gentlemen's cabin, immediately over the boilers, conversing together.

"Mr. Canonge, together with the chair in which he was sitting, was thrown by the explosion back into the ladies' cabin, unhurt, and found himself landed squarely, sitting in the same chair. Rather a tough story. Mrs. Morton, who was saved, had a son with her about two years of age, who was picked up some nine miles from the scene of the disaster, below the wreck, and found to be entirely uninjured.

HOW THE EXPLOSION APPEARED TO SPECTATORS.

"Dr. Vaughan, of West Baton Rouge, tells me he was on the bank of the river, on the west side, observing the stately craft float by; and, owing to the fog, she was doing little more. He was commenting to Mr. Thompson W. Bird, who was with him, upon her beauty, comfort, and safety, and upon how slowly she was running. Just then the wheels made five or six more rapid revolutions; the ring of the pilot's bell, which most probably caused the increased speed, floated on the air; when he saw nearly the whole of the boat, in front of the wheels, rise in the air, and with it 'any number of human forms'—especially one large man in dark clothing, who whirled over and over (most probably poor Jackson, who thus never knew what hurt him, which is something to be thankful for), and nearly all of the boat clear to the stern on the starboard side blown away and crushed. He saw distinctly across the boat, from the wheels forward, before the steam rose. The chimney sunk down on the deck.

"He is satisfied that it was the larboard boiler which exploded, from the rush of steam. Yet how strange that the starboard side should have suffered most! At the moment of the explosion the steamer made a graceful turn to the left—to the shore—as if under the control of the pilot, and landed as beautifully as if under human guidance. How providential! But for this, and that she was not in the current, all must have perished."

HAD SAVED "OLE MISSIS ANY HOW."

A correspondent of the *Picayune* writes from Baton Rouge: "B. Hende and wife, L. Dalsheimer, Miss Cohen, and a negro boy belonging to M. Robinson of this place, are all saved. The boy—I will learn his name—saved a number of ladies after he himself got out, drawing them out with a forked stick! All of the servants on the boat, and those of Mr. Conrad, and from places across the river, who hurried over in skiffs, behaved nobly. A venerable old lady, Mrs. Conner, of Natchez, and connection of G. L. C. Davis, of your city, was saved by her servants, who helped their mistress on shore, screaming in great excitement that they 'had saved ole missis any how.'"

DISCOVERY OF THE BODY OF THE AERONAUT THURSTON.

We read in the Cleveland *Leader:* "It will be recollected that on the 16th of September last Mr. Ira J. Thurston made an unexpected balloon ascension from the vicinity of Adrian, Michigan: that the balloon was some days after found in the vicinity of St. Clair River, but the fate of the poor aeronaut remained involved in mystery, though extensive search was made for his body, and the lights of Spiritualism were invoked and proved a will-o'-wisp as usual. Some of the pretended spirit revelations were that Thurston reached the earth alive, and was then in a nearly inaccessible hut in the St. Clair marshes; and the latest was that the exact locality of his body had been found—that the force of the fall had buried it deep in the soft marsh—that a pole thrust down had brought up hair from the head of the unfortunate man—that the water and soft earth filled the hole so rapidly that an excavation to the body could not be made without curbing, which would be done as soon as ice was formed sufficiently strong to permit the work to progress with safety!

"Mr. Thurston's case was a singular and a sad one, and excited much interest. He had made a successful ascension with Mr. Bannister, and, while securing the balloon after descending, and after removing the car, it suddenly rose, while Mr. Thurston was upon it, and rapidly disappeared. As it rose, Mr. T. clung to the portion on which he was seated, and remarked to Mr. B. that it would soon come down again. The balloon was afterward discovered at a great height, and as it approached the earth some persons fancied that they discovered an object still clinging to it.

"The body of Mr. Thurston was accidentally found on the 6th instant, about ten miles from the place of his second ascension. It was in an obscure lot, about a mile north of Sylvania, and the remains were brought to Adrian, and fully identified. The body was much decomposed, but a watch, money, and several articles easily recognized, were found with the remains."

A CHILD BURIED IN A RAISIN BOX.

"We are reliably informed that a little child was buried on Sunday evening last in town, in a raisin box, the mother being too poor to procure a coffin for its remains. The child died in the latter part of the previous week, when the mother placed it in the box, and on Sunday morning started, with the box under her arm, and accompanied by her little boy of three or four years of age, for a grave-yard in New Jersey, about two miles below Easton, where some of her friends are buried, and where she thought she would be allowed to bury her child, though she had no money to pay for its interment; but upon reaching the grave-yard the sexton refused to dig the grave because she had not a dollar to give him, and roughly told her to carry the dead child back to Easton again. The poor creature was almost exhausted from carrying the dead child such a distance under her arm, and went down upon her knees imploring him to bury her little one, and offering him fifteen cents—all the money she had—but this did not move him. She then took up the box again, and returned home with her little boy, who was too small to be of any assistance to her in getting back her sorrowful load. In the evening a gentleman, who had been told of the case, went to the garret in which the poor mother lives and took away the dead child, kindly burying it for her without charge."

JEALOUSY AND SUICIDE.

The Cincinnati *Inquirer* has the following: "For some weeks past, a man named Emanuel Gerard, a Hungarian by birth, about thirty years of age, a cigar-dealer at No. 620 Vine Street, opposite Green, had been jealous of his wife, Ludwiga, a young and beautiful woman, also of Hungarian extraction, much admired for her mental culture, elegance of manners, and brilliancy of conversation. Until within a few days, Gerard's jealousy had assumed no definite shape, nor had he suspected her of

having any particular lover, but last week he found among her papers, in one of her drawers, a note addressed to a certain Dr. Bulow, a German, residing at the corner of Liberty and Sycamore streets, appointing a rendezvous with him at the Post-office on the following Sunday. On that day the husband employed one of his apprentices, Jacob Goebell, a lad of fourteen, to follow Mrs. Gerard when she went out. The boy did so; saw her meet the Doctor at the appointed place, and walk arm and arm with him for several squares, leaving him near the corner of Seventh and Plum, and return home. Yesterday evening, a little after six o'clock, while Mr. Gerard and the apprentice were in the shop, the husband mentioned to his wife his doubt of her affection and her fidelity, at which, as usual, she became indignant, and replied bitterly. The scene increased in intensity, and both became enraged, but as all that was said was in Hungarian, the boy could not understand it. He perceived, however, from Gerard's showing the letter, that he had revealed her rendezvous with the Doctor, and probably charged that he was her lover. At this the wife seemed startled, but not overcome. At first she turned pale, then the blood flushed her face and neck and brow, and her eyes lighted with a strange fire. She did not speak a word more, but stepping slowly across the room, took down a double-barreled pistol hanging on the wall, and cocking it, put it to her right temple, pulled the trigger, and fell at her husband's feet, who, seeing her purpose, had hurried toward her—a mangled corpse—half of her head having been blown off by the discharge of the weapon."

BRIGNOLI'S CONQUESTS.

The New York correspondent of Dwight's (Boston) *Journal of Music* says: "Brignoli is so pleased with this country that he has no idea of returning to Europe. He gets with Strakosch $1500 a month, a vast deal more than is ever got on the other side of the ocean. He has in his possession several hundred love-letters sent him by infatuated ladies in the various cities he has visited. At first he used to answer these, but they came so plentifully that he now contents himself with reading them, feebly laughing and adding them to his collection. When he shows them to a friend he does it with quite a Don Juan air, and hums Leporello's song, '*E Cataloga e questo.*'"

PERSONAL.

The *Indépendence Belge* announces that a daughter of Mr. Mason, American Minister at Paris, is soon to marry a Mr. Henderson of the United States.

The $678 raised some time since, in this city, for a monument to James Fenimore Cooper, has been transferred to an association at Cooperstown, to aid in erecting a suitable monument to his memory there, where he was buried.

Judge Douglas is expected to be in Philadelphia and New York in the course of next week. Mr. Vice-President Breckinridge will proceed immediately home to Kentucky, where he has important law business. Mr. Broderick will take the Tehuantepec route to California, and will be accompanied by the Hon. J. C. M'Kibbin, who left here for Philadelphia on Monday last.

A correspondent of the Portsmouth *Chronicle*, writing from New Orleans, says: "I am sorry to inform you that Enoch Train formerly of Boston, but who has now an office in New Orleans, had his arm broken by the upsetting of his carriage near Victoria, Texas, a couple of weeks since, but my informant stated that, at the time of his departure, the old gentleman was rapidly recovering. Mr. Train has been looking at the advantages offered by the 'Lone Star' State, and has concluded, so says Madam Rumor, to purchase a residence in San Antonio, and eventually become a wool-grower."

Four men, who are to be hanged at Baltimore on the 18th inst., have sent in a petition to the sheriff that they may not be compelled to wear shrouds on that occasion.

The Rochester *Union* says that Governor Morgan has pardoned Joseph Dix, the convict who assisted the keeper in the fatal "showering of Moore" in the Auburn prison. The feeling against him was so strong among his fellow-prisoners that it was not safe to have him among them.

A man named David appeared at the station-house in Buffalo, one day last week, asking to be taken care of, and he was committed as a vagrant. The day following a person arrived in search of him, who announced that his father and mother having recently died he was heir to a fortune of two millions of dollars. David is a Russian, and came to this country about two years since, with sixty thousand dollars, half of which he squandered, and the other half lost. It is rather a pity he was found, as he might have made a respectable and harmless pauper.

In Indianapolis, a few days since, a little girl took a dose of laudanum which nearly killed her. She gave as a reason that she wished to go to heaven to her little brother.

Letters have been received from the Rev. Theodore Parker since his arrival in Havana, announcing the cheerful intelligence of a great improvement in his health. He was to sail for St. Thomas on the 22d ult.

Dr. Gaillardet, whose mysterious escape from the policeman who had him in charge will be remembered, has arrived safely in Paris. From this city he went to Canada.

The Paris correspondent of the Milwaukee *Wisconsin* writes that Ristori's husband and brother told him recently that she would come to the United States next winter.

Two men, Fleming and O'Leary, were hanged in Toronto at the same time, on the 4th inst., for murder. They both confessed themselves guilty of the crime for which they suffered.

A Judge of the Court of Common Pleas at Logansport, Indiana, a few days since, took umbrage at something said by a learned counsel, whereupon he came down from the bench and thrashed the lawyer.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT—PEACE OR WAR IN EUROPE.

LORD PALMERSTON called attention to the state of Europe, with the view of inquiring from the Government whether they were in a position to make any declaration that peace was not likely to be interrupted. He briefly reviewed the present position of Europe, glancing on the warlike preparations every where in progress, and avowed his inability to discover any sufficient cause of war other than the long-existing jealousy between France and Austria, with regard to Central Italy, brought into more active operation by the joint occupation of the Roman States, and which could only be brought to a termination by a simultaneous withdrawal by these powers of their military occupation. He strongly recommended that the Government use their good offices to bring about such a result, and did not despair of their success.

Mr. Disraeli expressed his conviction that the great powers had no wish to disturb the settlement of 1815, although there were circumstances in regard to Italy calculated to excite apprehension.

The Government, in the face of the warlike preparations going forward, had not been idle in the interests of peace, having availed themselves of the friendly relations in which they stood with both France and Austria, and he had good reason to hope that the Papal States would ere long be evacuated both by France and Austria, and that, too, with the full concurrence of the Papal Government. He might add, that Lord Cowley had gone to Vienna on a mission, the exact character of which he could not, of course, state, but which was one of conciliation. Under these circumstances he appealed to the House to postpone further discussion on the subject, and trust to the earnest efforts of the Government to preserve peace and promote the general prosperity of Europe.

Lord John Russell expressed the satisfaction which he derived from the statement, and his hope that every effort would be made by all parties to promote the maintenance of peace.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH TO BE RELAID.

The regular annual general meeting of the Atlantic Telegraph Company was held in London on the 23d. The official report gives in detail the facts and figures which were published at the recent extraordinary meeting. It says the cable remains in precisely the same state, and that no efforts have been made to resuscitate it, owing to the lack of funds. The directors are not without hope that it may yet be rendered available.

The Chairman, the Hon. T. S. Wortley, in moving the adoption of the report, entered at length into the position and prospect of the Company. He stated that the Government has positively refused to give an unconditional guarantee, but negotiations were still progressing, and he had just received intelligence that, under certain restrictions which did not appear to offer any insurmountable objection, the Government had consented to give a guarantee of eight per cent., on the new capital of six hundred thousand pounds, for twenty-five years. He was not prepared to enter into particulars or recommend any definite action for the future, but he thought the enterprise should be popularized by reducing the price of the shares to a minimum standard. No steps, however, should be taken without the authority of the shareholders, another meeting of whom should be called shortly. The report was unanimously adopted, and the retiring Directors re-elected. The shares of the Company had improved to £220 @ £240 since the Government promise.

At a lecture in London, by Rev. Walter Mitchell, on the Atlantic Telegraph, special attention was drawn to important experiments and greatly improved cable invented by Professor Hughes.

STATISTICS OF VALENTINES.

"It appears," says the *Times*, "that the number of unpaid letters every year is about 2,500,000. Of these about 800,000 are valentines. Of these 800,000 valentines, about 60,000 are rejected. The number of letters passing through the post-offices of the United Kingdom in a year amounted to 523,000,000.

A FEMALE BURGLAR.

A gentleman living in the immediate neighborhood of Essex was absent in London, having left his wife at home with their little boy, aged eight years, and the cook and housemaid. About ten o'clock in the evening there was a ring at the bell, and a young woman, respectably dressed, appeared at the door with a small basket of trinkets for sale. The servants very foolishly admitted her into the kitchen to display her wares. She succeeded in inducing them to make some purchases, and before leaving begged for some refreshment. The cook went into a large store cupboard to get something for her, and while thus engaged the intruder suddenly closed the door upon her and turned the key. The housemaid, whose eyes now began to be opened as to the character of her visitor, attempted to release her fellow-servant, but the woman prevented her from doing so, and after a hard struggle overpowered her, threw her on the floor, and bound her hands and feet with some cord which she produced from her pocket. Having thus rendered her completely helpless, she silenced her captive, when she attempted to cry out for assistance, by threatening to strangle her if she moved or made the least noise. The whole of the garrison being thus overcome, and the female burglar being in complete command of the house, she proceeded very coolly to make a hearty supper on whatever eatables she could lay her hands; after which she went up stairs to the bedrooms, robbed the lady of the house of all the cash there was in the place, about £20, and took her departure, leaving the cook locked up in the cupboard, and the housemaid bound in the kitchen, where they remained for more than an hour before they were released. Strange to say, she does not appear to have had any accomplices. Her name is Kate Poole, and she is described as being about twenty-five years of age, of the middle height, and rather attractive in appearance, with dark brown hair, blue eyes, and a straight nose. One of her upper front teeth slightly overlaps the other, unfortunately for her, for this little peculiarity led to her apprehension.

A GIRL EATEN BY A PIG.

An inquest was held at the Mullingar workhouse, Ireland, by P. Connell, Esq., a few days ago, on the body of a young woman, named Eliza Fegan, aged 21 years. It appeared that on the 28th December last, as deceased was in her father's cabin, at Tahmon, while her father was at his work as a day-laborer, she was seized with an epileptic fit, to which sad complaint she had been for many years subject; that when attacked she was near the fire, and in her struggles one of her legs reached the fire-place, and was dreadfully burned; and, still more horrible to relate, while the wretched sufferer was in this miserable condition, a pig, attracted, no doubt, by the smell of the burning leg, rushed into the cabin, and commenced devouring the half-roasted limb. A man who was passing on the road was also attracted both by the smell and the noise of the ferocious brute, and went in to the rescue of the suffering creature. She was immediately conveyed to the Mullingar workhouse, where every attention was bestowed on her, but in vain. She lingered in a state of indescribable agony for nearly a month, when death terminated her existence. A verdict was brought in of "Accidental death."

A DELICATE REWARD FOR GALLANTRY.

"The gentleman who rescued two ladies from insult some time since on the Donnybrook Road will find something addressed to him at the office of *Saunders's Newsletter.*" What this advertisement, which appeared in *The Times*, as in *Saunders's Newsletter* and *Constitution*, could refer to furnishes matter of much gossip and surmise both in London and Dublin. The incident is one at once romantic and mysterious. More than a year ago a gentleman of this city had the honor and satisfaction of being enabled to rescue two young ladies in the neighborhood of Dublin from the offensive conduct of a person in the garb of a gentleman, and of giving him the punishment which he deserved. A few days ago, when he had almost forgotten the circumstance, he received through an unknown hand an envelope containing a handsome diamond ring, with an intimation that it is designed as a tribute of thanks for his chivalrous conduct on the occasion. What adds to the interest of the story is that the parties are wholly unknown to each other; the ladies know not the name of their deliverer, nor is the gentleman aware of the names of the ladies who have shown so delicate and tasteful a remembrance of the service which he had it in his power to confer.

FRANCE.

WARLIKE PREPARATIONS.

Another circular has been issued by the Minister of the Interior to the Prefects of the Department, the purport of which is to express the confident hope that, notwithstanding the Emperor's desire to maintain peace, should he be forced to make war, he may count on the patriotism and devotion of the French people.

The War-office circular directs the troops to be trained for forced marches and the night bivouac.

All the military surgeons have been ordered to join their corps.

Immense quantities of lint have been sent to Lyons.

All the regiments of artillery of the Imperial Guard are to be supplied with rifle cannon, on a new plan.

THE BALL AT THE HOTEL DE VILLE.

A Paris letter-writer says: "The ball at the Hôtel de Ville on Monday night was exceedingly brilliant. The decorations alone cost no less than £10,000 sterling. The famous marble court was lined with artificial vines bearing black and white fruits, and the bubbling fountains and profusion of fresh flowers showed the oft-enchanted palace with a power of magic never surpassed. The number of invitations was ten thousand, whereas eight thousand is a very large average number. The Emperor and Empress were expected, but did not attend. Prince Napoleon and the Princess Clotilde arrived at eleven o'clock—an hour somewhat late, considering that the cards of invitation were issued for half past eight. For upward of two hours the company assembled in the grand ball-room remained standing in a crowd, the centre being kept clear for the imperial guests, and no music being allowed to play until their arrival. The state quadrille, which opened the ball, was at length formed, the Princess Clotilde dancing with Baron Haussmann, Prefect of the Seine, and Prince Napoleon with Madame Haussmann. The Prince and Princess afterward walked all through the rooms. It was much remarked that the Prince, instead of giving her his arm, walked before her."

PIETY OF THE PRINCESS CLOTILDE.

The Princess Clotilde is said to be remarkable for attention to the duties of religion. Immediately after her arrival at Fontainebleau she attended the celebration of a mass in the chapel of the palace. The Princess having from her infancy been accustomed to attend divine service every morning, Prince Jerome has ordered a small chapel to be fitted up adjoining the apartments of his daughter-in-law, in addition to that which forms part of the Palais Royal.

THE BALL ON 22D FEBRUARY.

The Herald correspondent writes: "The ball which is to be given on the 22d in honor of the birth of Washington, and for which the tickets are thirty francs, is receiving so many adherents that one of the most brilliant meetings of the season will probably be the result. American beauty is intensely admired here, much more than those of the English. With all that charm of complexion which the kindred nations possess in common, the ladies of the United States undoubtedly excel their cousins of the Old Country in the arts of the toilet. Indeed, it is quite impossible to distinguish them from French women, whereas, with respect to the English, the distinction is very marked. Independent of this, their manners and conversation have less of that purely domestic character proper to the English. It would seem as if the cares of the *ménage* ate into the very soul of British ladies, for whom every other subject, except the one connected, as the French say, with the all-pervading pot *au feu*, a stranger finds but little response: whereas the American woman is *spirituelle* on all subjects—occasionally a little too national abroad, but always lively, intelligent, and full of *ésprit*. For this reason it is that the moment the ball in question was talked of application from French cavaliers for tickets became so numerous."

LOW-NECKED DRESSES.

The *Times'* correspondent says: "I have had occasion to remark already that in feminine toilet there is this winter an augmentation in rotundity. The ball of the Hôtel de Ville only confirmed the first impression of the fashionable season. At the same time there is a tendency to very low-necked dresses, and especially to low-backed dresses, which has more than reached the limits of propriety. There is a *luxe de dos* quite revolting. For those meagre individuals especially who resemble spiders, there is no need of showing us that. They look like plumed canary-birds—the dear creatures. A charitable lady suggested that these deplorable exhibitions were the result of the long trains on the floor—held down by the gentlemen's feet. Certain it is, however, that what the dresses have gained in length of train they have lost in height of shoulders, so that the equilibrium, at least, is kept up. A malicious friend compared them to Venuses rising out of sea-foam—and a long way out! '*Il y a des gens qui ne respectent rien!*'"

A PLAY WRITTEN BY A BANKER.

M. Millaud, the millionaire Jew broker, was not long ago in company with some dramatists, when, as the result of a discussion as to which had the most difficult profession—that of writing for the stage, or gaining millions on 'Change—a bet was made that M. Millaud could not write a piece that would not be hissed by the public. M. Millaud went to work at once, with M. Clairville as collaborator, and a week ago the piece was produced at the Palais Royal Theatre, and was not only not hissed, but proved a complete success. It is called "*Ma Niece et Mon Ours*"—"My Niece and My Bear"—and kept the audience in a roar from the first to the last word. It is totally unbelievable how a money-changer could find so much humor in all his body!

NEW CHARACTER-DANCES.

The rage in the dancing world this winter is character-dances. These are principally dances brought to Paris by the Russians and Poles, and the saloons in which they are most frequently to be seen are those of the Countess Kisseleff, the Duchess de Rozan, Madame Kaisaroff, the Princess Galitzin, etc. At the Russian Embassy they were inaugurated by a cotillon *au vin de Champagne*, directed by the nephew of the Princess and by the Prince Ladislas Czartorisky. The great feat of this cotillon is to hold in the right hand a glass of Champagne and go through all the movements of the dance without spilling a drop. A young Russian nobleman accomplished the extraordinary feat of dancing the *friska* with a full Champagne glass *on his head*. The Lancers, although it is the *ton* to yawn and declare it a stupid dance whenever it is proposed, still holds its place in the saloons. At several American houses—at Mr. Jerome's, of New York, and Mr. Gurnee's, of Chicago—they are dancing the new fashionable French quadrille—the Prince Imperial—a decided improvement on the Lancers.

LES BOTTES DE BASTIEN.

A Paris correspondent tells an amusing story about the origin of a popular song which now wakes the echoes of every street in Paris. It seems that a short time ago the Prince Imperial, while out with his nurse, was struck by the appearance of some mounted guards, whose *bottes*, or boots, particularly impressed the little man. Upon returning to the Tuileries, he noticed that his august father had on a pair of boots precisely similar to those he had seen, whereupon he exclaimed, with true childish delight, "Ah! papa has also *des bottes*." The meaning of this was explained to the Emperor, and the fond father was so gratified that he repeated the words to several members of the household. In a few hours all the Palace was acquainted with the fact, and of course every one was in ecstasies at the sprightliness, wit, and talent it evinced in one so young. The story, it seems, got beyond the Palace walls in a very short time, and soon after out came the song of "Les Bottes de Bastien." Had the matter been suffered to rest here it might have been a nine days' wonder, and have soon died out; but the police were not to be balked in that way, so the song was prohibited, and consequently spread all over Paris in a few days, until one night the students of the Quartier Latin sang it in chorus at the Odéon. Perceiving the mischief of making so much of so small a matter, the prohibition was afterward recalled; but the popularity of the song is irrevocable. Every *gamin de Paris* now bawls it at the top of his voice, and a farce called "Les Bottes de Bastien" is now in rehearsal at the Palais Royal Theatre.

MR. FELIX BELLY AND HIS SCHEMES.

Mr. Felix Belly left Southampton 17th February, in the steamer *Parana* for Nicaragua, in order to take possession of the concession of the canal in the presence of two Presidents, Martinez and Mora, who are to meet for the purpose on the 27th of March at Rivas. Mr. Belly is accompanied by a staff of thirty-three persons, including his secretary, General M. Lavasseur, formerly French Minister to Mexico, sundry other officials, and a strong corps of engineers.

The London *Times*, in noticing the departure, says it will probably cause some surprise in New York, and is not likely to be looked upon with indifference at Washington. It thinks the English capitalists will be very chary of investing in the enterprise.

PRUSSIA.

PROPOSED VISIT OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

A Berlin correspondent writes: "Count Perponcher, who was lately sent on a special mission to London to notify officially the birth of the young prince, has just returned to this city, and brings the gratifying intelligence that both the Queen and Prince Consort have promised to come over to the christening of the infant prince, and that their arrival will take place about Easter, till which period the ceremony is consequently postponed. Later in the season—probably in May—the Prince and Princess Frederick William will pay a visit to England. Great activity is perceptible in the bureaus of the different sections of the War Office, the object of which is to place the army in an efficient state, to be prepared for any emergency.

PRUSSIA TAKING GROUND ON THE ITALIAN QUESTION.

The *Prussian Gazette*, the official journal of Berlin, expresses the opinion that, in consequence of the serious exertions of the great powers, the Prussian and English Governments will persist in the efforts they have made to smooth down difficulties, removing just causes of complaint, and remaining within the limits of treaties. The Cabinet of St. Petersburg will not, it may be hoped, refuse to support the steps taken by Prussia and England. The *Gazette* adds that the Austrian Cabinet is disposed to enter into negotiations with France to put an end to the military occupation of Central Italy, and certainly the advance made by Austria will be received in Paris in the same spirit of conciliation that has dictated them.

ITALY.

THE EXCITEMENT IN LOMBARDY.

At Venice contracts have been entered into for the construction of three new forts, to be completed in six weeks. It is said that 5000 workmen, collected from all parts of the Venetian territory, are already occupied on the works. The latest telegram from Milan says that the fermentation was increasing.

MARRIAGE OF THE KING OF PIEDMONT.

A correspondent writes: "You can rely on it as positive that Victor Emanuel's family alliance with Russia is now a *fait accompli*. When Eugene Beauharnais Leuchtenberg's widow, the Grand Duchess Maria, was the person of whom rumor spoke, I did not notice it, aware that a morganatic-marriage with a Count Strogonoff was a bar to any such arrangement; but she has a daughter—Maria Maximilianowna, born October 4, 1841, consequently aged 18, and it is her hand that the royal widower of Turin has sought and obtained. Already the apartments of his late wife are undergoing repair and embellishment. This event puts the crowning finish to the defensive and offensive union of the great northern power as well as the great western power of continental Europe, with this comparatively small kingdom, of which it may be confidently predicted that immense development awaits it."

AN UNLUCKY CORRESPONDENT.

A Paris correspondent writes: "A. M. Braine, dispatched to Milan by the Paris journal *La Presse*, has been compelled to beat a quick retreat. His own account is that, having caught cold in going over the Alps, and meeting a French acquaintance at the café in Corso Francesco, in Milan, in reply to the usual inquiry as to health, he had complained of a slight *oppression de poitrine*. The first word was no sooner heard than a spy denounced him, and the champion of oppressed Lombardy got leave to absent himself forthwith."

MODESTY OF THE KING OF NAPLES.

The editor of the *Express* writes: "I went the other evening to the San Carlo Opera House, the grandest, so say the Neapolitans, in the world, and it was dark as Erebus, save on the stage. The singers sang, and the ballet dancers danced, sometimes exquisitely, sometimes otherwise, and then the people applauded heartily, or hissed, or *whewed*, or made some such untranslatable noise. This was no fête, no festival day. I went Thursday night, and the huge Opera House was in a blaze of light from top to bottom. The night was a fête night in honor of the marriage. There were the same singers, the same dancers, but no applause, no *whews*, no *ahs!* no *ohs*—all dumb show off the stage. The King *permits*, on the dark-looking nights, applause and disapprobation! The King forbids applause or disapprobation on festive nights! Paternal King! The *danseuses* had on dark-colored under-clothes, and my eyes were rivetted by the novelty of the things. I asked why this oddity. The King, or Queen orders: it is an intended vail for modesty—but very suggestive of something else. Paternal King! The King locks up the famous Venus Callipyge, and won't let the world see the pretty marble. I bow in all deference to Government. If the King, while I am under him, orders us all to eat garlic, I shall try. Specimen bricks these, only in the edifice of the Government of 'the King of the Two Sicilies, and of Jerusalem' (don't forget the Jerusalem). Judge from them what a patriarchal sort of a Government all this is for all the people. No jury, no court just now for political offenses—nothing but drum-head court-martial!"

RUSSIA.

PROGRESS OF EMANCIPATION.

The *Russ Ki Dnewnik*, a journal lately started at Moscow, states that, with respect to the emancipation of the serfs, the Governments of Russia may be divided into three categories. Forty-one are found in the first of these, which, having at once nominated commissions for the purpose of carrying out the wishes of the Emperor, have already sent in their reports; thirty-three others have not yet terminated their labors, but all will have done so before the month of July; and lastly, four others, namely, Archangel, Wiatka, Olonez, and Perm, as well as the country of the Cossacks of the Don, and the governments of Siberia, not having formed any commissions to consider the subject, the Governors have received orders to transmit, within a delay of six months, their propositions for improving the condition of the peasants. Thus all the reports and propositions will have been sent in by the middle of the present year. The greatest number of serfs is found in the government of Kiew, being 521,245; the next in Podolia, 485,966; and the third in Wolhynia, 400,000.

INDIA.

CAMP SCENES IN OUDE.

Mr. Russell writes: "On returning to camp it was quite dark; not a tent was pitched; the baggage was coming up in darkness and in storms of angry voices. As the night was cold the men made blazing fires of the straw and grass of the houses of the neighboring hamlet, in which Nena Sahib's followers had long been quartered. At one of these fires, surrounded by Belooches, Lord Clyde sat with his arm in a sling on a charpoy, which had been brought out to feed the flames. Once, as he rose to give some orders for the disposition of the troops, a tired Beloochee flung himself full-length on the crazy bedstead, and was jerked off in a moment by one of his comrades, 'Don't you see, you fool, that you are on the Lord Sahib's charpoy?' Lord Clyde interposed, 'Let him lie there; don't interfere with his rest,' and took his seat on a billet of wood.

"The groups round these fires were most picturesque and wonderful in effect and color. Native soldiers, camp-followers, general officers, aides-de-camp, prisoners, subalterns, all circling round, holding out their hands to the genial glow, or guarding their faces from the flying embers as the roof of a shed or a fresh bedstead or truss of straw was thrown on the fire. I took particular interest in a 'budmash,' who, with his arms tied behind his back, joined the social circle of which Sir William Mansfield was the principal personage. He sat down on his haunches with great coolness, and conversed affably with those around him, his only inconvenience being, he said, from want of food. Indeed, he favored us with some extracts from his private history. He had been a servant of Ali Nucky Khan, late prime minister of Oude, and he fought against us at Lucknow. When the place fell he wandered about from place to place, with one rebel band or another, till he got tired of being always beaten, and went back to Lucknow. There, however, every thing was changed. His house was pulled down, his relatives and friends all gone. What could he do? He heard that Bainie Madhoo would pay and feed men who would fight for him; and so a month ago he left Lucknow and joined Bainie Madhoo; but he was too poor to buy a musket, and as he could only muster a sword and shield the rebel chief would not have him, but by hanging about the force he got a morsel of food."

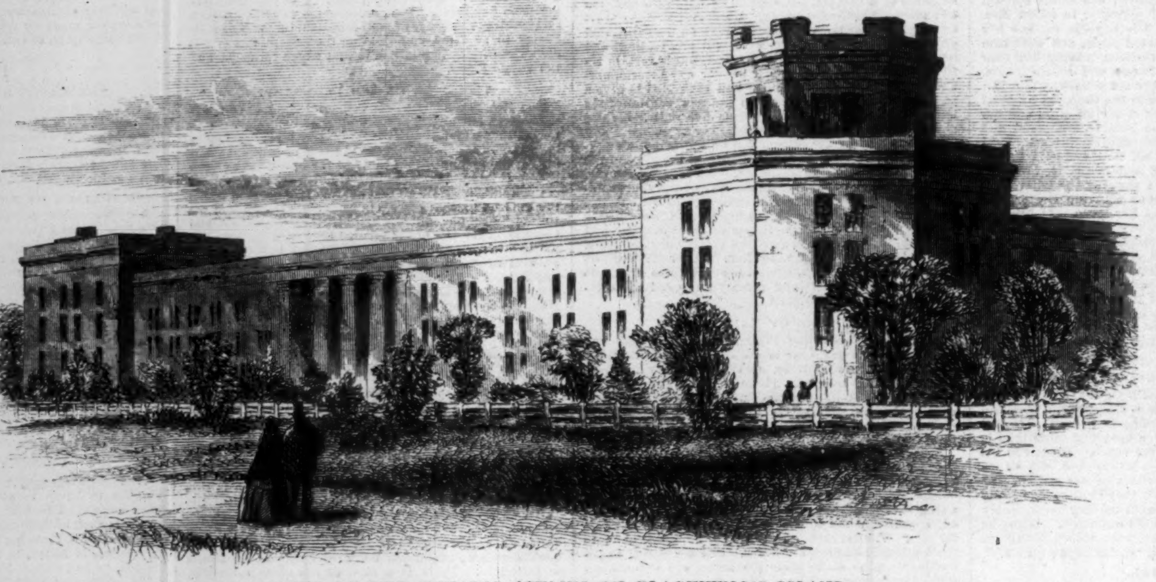
MEXICO.

PROGRESS OF MIRAMON.

By the arrival of the *Quaker City* at New Orleans we have additional advices from Mexico. The Liberals were concentrating for the long-promised attack upon the capital, while Miramon was hastening toward Vera Cruz. In the order of his preparations for defending the latter city, President Juarez had drawn all the troops from the other sea-ports down the coast, and it was feared the Conservatives might seize the occasion to exact forced loans at such unprotected points. General Ampudia had lately declared for the Constitution, carrying over to the Liberal cause his force of 500 men. At Tampico an attempt of the garrison to pronounce for Miramon was made February 12, but was promptly repressed by Garza.

A VISIT TO THE LUNATIC ASYLUM ON BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.

Nothing could have been more lovely than the morning on which I started in company with the artist, Mr. E——, to visit the Lunatic Asylum on Blackwell's Island. The thermometer stood at about 30°; but the sun was bright and warm, the air was buoyant, and after a walk of a mile or so we felt capable of any exertion.



VIEW OF THE LUNATIC ASYLUM ON BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.

Five years ago I visited the institutions on Blackwell's Island, and published the account of my visit in the *Herald*. On that occasion I crossed the arm of the East River which separates Blackwell's and Manhattan islands in the "Doctor's boat." That institution has now ceased to exist—the fire last winter consumed its spirit, if not its substance—and we crossed this time in the "ferry boat," the common property o a'l th: benevolent and penal institutions of the island. I may observe, *en passant*, that this boat, like Dr. Ranney's, is rowed by boatmen who are compulsory inmates of the Blackwell's Institutions. The ferry-boat is manned by

THE SHAKSPEARIAN ACTOR.

convicts. Care is taken, I am told, to assign 'c the boat none but steady men whose sentence is about to expire. This precaution is the more easily understood when it is borne in mind that noth.ng but their own scruples prevents the boatmen from making their escape when they land in New York, which they do twelve or fifteen times a day. In point of fact, the Penitentiary on the island, like the Penitentiary Hospital, is used as a temporary poor-house by many poor fellows, who find it difficult to obtain a l velihood, and who desire a few months repose from anxiety; and this class of persons, who are naturally selected as boatmen, are safe not to run away. One of the men who rowed us across asked me, on arriving, for "the price of a plug of tobacco," alleging that the tobacco supplied them on the island was "not fit to smoke, much less to chew." On inquiry I discovered that he was a Vermonter who had been crippled by the accidental fall of a tree. He had come to New York in search of employment; finding none, and winter coming on, he had requested Justice —— to have the goodness to commit him to Blackwell's Island. The Justice thoughtfully asked him how long he would like to be imprisoned? The Vermonter calculated how long it would take for the warm weather to return, and specified a term which would secure him a restoration to liberty at a genial season. He was committed accordingly. On the whole, he did not complain of his treatment. His bed, he said, might be softer; but he confessed that it was warm and dry. He had meat three times a day, and good coffee and bread, etc., etc. He thought it hard that, three times a week, he was expected to eat salt meat. When I observed that I frequently eat corn beef as often as three times a week, he seemed to regard me in the light of a self-constituted martyr.

Dr. Ranney's boat, on the same principle, is manned by lunatics. We are enabled to give a very faithful picture of his boat's crew, taken from a careful photograph. One of these men is an old privateer—some say pirate, but of this nothing is known; at any rate, he served in some wars or other thirty or forty years ago, and got, in some sharp fight, a cut on the top of his head, which upset his reason. His head is of extraordinary shape; extending diagonally across his forehead is a large scar, apparently the result of a sabre cut, the arch over the right eye projecting an inch farther forward than the left, which gives a very peculiar and not particularly pleasing expression to the face. Madame Rumor reports that his life has not always been so quietly passed, but that he has mingled in scenes of a far different character. In the morning he goes daily to the top of the central building, walks three times around the stairway with great precision, descends flight by flight to the basement, on each story making the same number of rounds. Although entirely obedient to the commands of his superior officer while on duty, he regards no orders, even from the physician, until this regular tour has been made. He is a gray-headed man, the second from the left in the lower row in the picture. Another of the Doctor's crew labors under the delusion that Dr. Ranney is the Pope of Rome, and that if he were to disobey or deceive him his eternal damnation would follow as a matter of certainty. A third is satisfied that Prince Albert of England is an impostor, and that he (the boatman) is the lawful husband of her Majesty Queen Victoria, who, faithless creature, avails herself of certain legal quibbles to defraud him of his legitimate marital rights. The other boatmen are subject to similar delusions. Insane as they are, however, they perform the specific duty assigned to them with fidelity and dispatch. Nervous persons might feel tremulous at finding themselves in the middle of the East River in company with seven incurable lunatics. But not an accident ever happens.

We, who crossed in the common ferry boat, were safely landed on the island; and after passing the inspection of certain lazy-looking and rude officials, who gave us greasy tickets certifying that we were authorized to visit the lunatic asylum, departed on our way rejoicing.

Blackwell's Island itself will some day be a perfect garden. There is a luxury of fencing and a prodigality of agricultural labor which rather confound the common visitor. It is not till one realizes that convict labor costs nothing that the mystery of the elaborate cultivation and the labyrinthine fences is understood. The officials certainly have something to show for the animal power under their control.

The burning of the old Penitentiary hospital was a clear gain. It was a miserable building. It is now being replaced by a fine stone edifice, built by convicts, of stone quarried by convicts from quarries on the island. The cost will thus be moderate; and the experience of the island officials is likely to insure the construction of the new building on the soundest architectural principles. The visitor is rather astonished at first at the quiet, steady manner in which the convicts work at the quarries (poor Branch was among them for some days); he asks himself why these stout fellows, with heavy hammers and drills in their hands, don't rise in rebellion and make their escape; on inquiry, however, he learns that individuals who seem to be spectators, and lounge around within easy distances of each other, are all keepers well armed, and quite prepared, in case of insubordination, to shoot down half a dozen convicts.

THE MILLIONAIRE.

On our arrival at the Lunatic Asylum we called on Dr. Ranney, who was kind enough to make us

THE DOCTOR'S BOAT'S CREW

DEMENTED PATIENTS.

MRS. BUCHANAN.

welcome, and, after lunch, to accompany us on a tour through the institution.

I should say here that the Lunatic Asylum on Blackwell's Island is supported by the city of New York; its average number of inmates is 600, of whom four-fifths are foreigners; it was established in 1839, and costs about $70,000 yearly to sustain it.

For the benefit of lay readers we may say that madness is divided by doctors into two varieties or stages, called respectively *dementia* and *mania*. *Mania* is the violent stage; *dementia* the quiet, weak, resigned, semi-idiotic form of insanity. Most lunatics go through both stages, commencing with the first. Some are cured while "maniacs," and never enter upon *dementia*. A few become demented without having been maniacs. Naturally, in all well-ordered asylums, maniacal patients are separated from those who are demented. On Blackwell's Island, the main building, of which we give an illustration, is devoted exclusively to the demented patients; a separate edifice, securely girt round with strong iron bars, is the home of the unfortunates who are classed as maniacs, and who are so violent that it would be unsafe to mix them with the victims of the milder disease.

Our first visit was to the wards in the main building, appropriated to demented patients. Of these there are four besides the work-rooms. Two are for females, two for males.

No patient is kept confined in the wards if his condition is such that he can be safely employed out of doors. A large number of the demented males, for instance, are employed in agricultural labor. They are quite capable of working with their hands; it is only when you touch their reason that you discover they are lunatics. One to whom I spoke—a stout, fine-looking old Englishman—was, I was told, a first-rate hand with a spade; he informed me, confidentially, that California was all a humbug, that no gold had ever come from thence, that all the gold in the world had been made by chemical processes, and that the secret of making it had been lost; but that in a short while he would discover it. Another, an Irishman, had been probably converted by the boatman I have mentioned; he was fixed in the notion that Dr. Ranney was the Pope. Nothing—neither commands, threats, nor entreaties—could prevent him kneeling to the Doctor for a blessing whenever he saw him.

The women whose lunacy does not entirely deprive them of the faculty of working are generally employed in knitting, in making gloves and quilts, and articles of clothing for the establishment. We went through the rooms in which these poor creatures are employed. I have seen many work-rooms in factories where the girls seemed less orderly and less assiduous. Here and there, of course, a poor creature attracted attention by some peculiarity. One or two were hysterical, and, after welcoming us with frantic bursts of laughter, burst into agonizing floods of tears. I was struck by the appearance of a very pretty-looking girl of about fifteen, who had gone mad in consequence of functional derangement. She was working quietly and silently, and would not reply when spoken to. I was glad to hear from Dr. Ranney that in a few months, in all probability, the poor child would recover her reason. Her brother, he added, had been under his care, ten years ago, for some months, and had enjoyed sound reason ever since. The women in the work-rooms make all the stockings and gloves, and a great part of, if not all, the clothing required in the establishment. They work, on the average, nearly as well as sane persons.

The demented patients who, from physical or mental infirmity, are incapable of working, are confined in "the wards." These are long, well-ventilated, very clean corridors, with large, airy bedrooms or cells on either side. Light and fresh air abound. For those who need warmth, heat is amply supplied. The bedrooms are miracles of cleanliness and comfort. Very few sane persons inhabit more healthy and convenient chambers. I remember, when a boy, having been taken to visit an insane asylum, in which the patients groveled in filth, darkness, and cold. If the report presented to the State Legislature by the Commissioners last session tell the truth, such establishments still exist, even in the enlightened State of New York. But the Asylum on Blackwell's Island is, throughout, perfect in respect of cleanliness, order, and comfort. If it were possible, one might almost envy the objects of so judicious and so tender care.

In reply to my inquiry, Dr. Ranney stated that

THE MESSIAH AND HER MOTHER.

CRAZY MOTHER AND HER DAUGHTER.

the bulk of his female patients were immigrant girls (chiefly Irish), who had been deluded, seduced, cheated, and otherwise ill-used on arrival here; and who, on realizing their miserable condition, had gone mad from the shock of the disappointment. I noticed in the wards several who belonged to this class. They presented no striking features. Some were sullen and melancholy; others quiet, with a vacant, idiotic stare; a few rather talkative, and given to sing old songs in a dreamy, unconscious way. Many female lunatics had gone mad from religious excitement. These generally become what is popularly called "melancholy mad." One whose portrait, together with that of her mother, is given herewith, fancied that she was the Messiah. Her mother, a skinny, wrinkled, nervous old beldam—who is also mad—contrary to general experience—shares her daughter's delusion. She assured me that her daughter was the Messiah whose coming was prophesied in the Old Testament. I observed that, if so, the fact ought to be made known. She concurred, and the daughter, desiring to convince me that she was in fact the Messiah, snatched a "Protestant Bible" from under her mother's shawl, and read to me, volubly but clearly, the 49th chapter of Isaiah; observing at the close of the chapter,

"Now, don't you see I'm the Messiah?"

This poor creature is the victim of a double delusion. She had no sooner extorted from me a reluctant assent to her divine pretensions than she broke out:

"I'm the true wife of George Calvert. I'll never leave George Calvert. Won't you take me to him? I'll never leave George Calvert; for I'm his wife, you know, and I'll never desert him. He is mine, and I am his. I'll never give up George Calvert."

Whether there ever was such a person as George Calvert, or, if such a man exists, whether this poor woman ever knew him, is a matter of doubt; the doctors seem to think that she takes every good-looking man for her "dear husband, George Calvert." The delusion in her case is duplicate.

Generally speaking, Protestants are far more liable to insanity from religious enthusiasm than Catholics. But I conversed with a French Catholic girl in the womens' ward who had gone mad from this cause. When I addressed her in her own tongue, she cried out in French:

"Oh, Sir! when I was dying, they wanted to bury me without giving me the Holy Sacrament—"

FEMALE MANIACS.

MALE MANIACS.

And she went on in such a piteous flood of complaint that we were moved by her grief; and were not a little consoled when a convulsive burst of tears put an end to her discourse, and afforded kind Dr. Ranney an opportunity of saying that he thought she would get well in the course of a few weeks.

Most people have heard of Mrs. Buchanan. She is one of the incurables—a poor old lady—Scotch, I imagine—who has been an inmate of lunatic asylums for years. Her delusion has been described in the papers. She believes she is the wife of the President, for the time being, and discharges her conjugal duties with such success that she bears a large family to each incumbent of the Presidential chair. Strange to say, the offspring of her lofty amours are invariably cats. I had the honor of stroking the back of President Buchanan's eldest son, who purred as though his sire had no political difficulties to disturb his repose. Mrs. Buchanan has beguiled her leisure by the composition of an elaborate chart in embroidery descriptive of her matrimonial experience. President Pierce figures therein under the guise of a rather lean fowl, which is making a graceful bow to a stout rooster which stands, I was told, for Mr. Buchanan. Underneath are various emblems: at a distance they might all be taken for ill-fed chickens; but they represent States of the Union, and the copious progeny of Mrs. Buchanan and her Presidential husbands. She is a very talkative, harmless old creature. We give her portrait on page 185.

Another interesting character is Mrs. A— —, an English lady. It seems that she has been insane for nearly twenty years. What she was, originally, no one knows; but from her conversation it is inferred that she must have been the wife or the mistress of a London lawyer. Her delusion consists in believing that she was born in St. James's Palace, which edifice belongs to her, and that her wealth, of which she has been wrongfully defrauded, consists of hundreds of millions of pounds sterling. Could she but escape from her present bondage none could vie with her in opulence. Like most of the lunatics, when I spoke to her she inquired anxiously whether I had come to take her away?

I replied that, under certain circumstances, it would give me pleasure to do so.

"But," said she, "are you a man of honor? I have been so often deceived."

I protested that my honor was above suspicion, and remarked that it only remained to obtain the Doctor's permission and we would depart instantly.

"Oh no," said she, quickly. "He will not consent. You see, I have a million sterling, in gold, under my bed, and we must take that with us."

I remarked that so large a sum would be more than we could well carry. But with a sneering laugh she assured me she had often carried a million about her, and that, besides, there were trusty men in the establishment whom she had secured.

Some one inquiring about "her diamonds," she privately confided to me that she had ten millions in diamonds so securely concealed about her person that no one could find them. She was a singular patient. Her language betokened a person of good education. She was draped in a sort of cloak made of patchwork, which, when excited, she wrapped round her like a tragedy-queen. Her head was likewise enveloped in a muffler. Her aspect was venerable and severe. Her eye was searching; and when conversing alone with me her entreaties not "to deceive me" made me almost smart for the deception I was practicing. A portrait of this poor lady will be found on page 184.

Another patient whose case interested us much was a poor woman whose intellect is hopelessly gone, and who has found a permanent home for herself and her child in the Asylum. The child, a bright-eyed, gentle-looking little girl, is perfectly sane. A kind tenderness on the part of the inmates of the establishment has kept her in total ignorance of the sad fate of her mother. The latter believes that she is the daughter of the King of Belgium, and that, having been kidnapped in early youth, she is confined on Blackwell's Island from political reasons. It is likely that her little child has been taught to share the delusion. One of the matrons, a lady in whose face gentleness and firmness seem happily blended, has taken a particular fancy to this little girl; she is, no doubt, well cared for. But what a nursery for a child—a ward full of lunatics! Will no great and rich lady of Fifth Avenue stretch forth a kindly hand, and rescue this sweet-looking little creature from the contagion of lunacy?

From the female wards we passed to those of the males. As a general rule, these latter are uninteresting and often repulsive. A large proportion of the male lunatics become simply imbecile and brutish. One of our engravings will give a fair idea of these poor creatures. They stand by the hour together, leaning against a wall, sunning themselves, and looking less intelligent than the beasts of the field. Among them insanity is most commonly the fruit of physical and sensual, as among the women it is the consequence of mental, imprudence. They are loathsome objects, and generally incurable; fortunate—poor creatures!—to have been born in an age which does not doom them to helpless isolation and lonely death. Here and there we met one or two who had gone mad from accidental causes, and presented original characteristics. An old Scotchman, who lay sprawled on the floor at the window, sunning himself elaborately, refused to rise at the polite request of the Doctor, observing that at his age he was entitled to enjoy his ease. He had, he told us, commanded a regiment in the Revolutionary war. On my observing that he bore his years well, and that I should never have taken him to be so old, he said:

"Oh! bless you, I am several thousand years old. Ye've heard of Marshal Turenne?"

I replied that I had occasionally read of him.

"I'm Marshal Turenne. Did ye ever hear of Hannibal?"

I again admitted that the name was familiar to me.

"I'm Hannibal. I was Pericles in Greece. I've had many names, but am always the same man."

I congratulated him on the enlarged field of experience he had enjoyed; to all which he replied nothing, but looked at me with that keen, close stare which seems peculiar to Scotchmen.

After leaving the wards we entered the drawing-room. This is a well-furnished, handsome apartment, exclusively appropriated to the use of the lunatics. On the occasion of my last visit a very pretty-looking girl (as mad as a March hare) was singing a love-song there. Now the sole tenant of the room was a long-haired, not over wise-looking gentleman.

"How do you do, Mr. ——?" said the Doctor.

"I'm well," gruffly replied the person addressed.

"Would you be so good as to play us something on the piano?" inquired our cicerone.

The lunatic—for he was one—sat down, and played the overture to *Fra Diavolo* with great skill and feeling. While he was playing the Doctor seized the opportunity to tell me that he was a German who had gone mad from intense study. He had, he said, a thousand volumes in nearly a dozen languages in his cell. He read all the modern languages with perfect ease, and, besides the "humanities," was master of several Oriental tongues. He was a perfect musician, and could play Thalberg or any other music at sight. In a short time, the Doctor hoped, he would be well enough to go at large. I tried to converse with him when he had concluded his performance; but though he replied politely to my remarks, he seemed indisposed to cultivate my acquaintance.

Presently there appeared a negro in full fig.—a good-looking fellow, in blue dress-coat, and showy costume generally.

"These gentlemen," said the Doctor, addressing him, "are anxious to hear you declaim one of your fine tragic parts. Will you gratify them by giving us 'King Lear?'"

The negro, nothing loth, took up a position in the middle of the room, and began to declaim. His intonation and action were capital. But I could not make out his words. Fancying that the fault was in my hearing, I drew nearer and listened attentively. He was uttering gibberish. Most of the words he pronounced were really English, but they were strung together somewhat in this fashion:

Home—now—kingdom—cat—may—dog—pronounce—chief—and—I—never—house—town—anathema—thunder—tremendous—arrive—etc., etc.

Fancy words, in fact, culled blindfold out of the dictionary, and declaimed with the tones of Forrest and the action of Macready, and you have before you the great tragic actor of the Lunatic Asylum.

Before passing to the building which is appropriated to maniacs proper, the Doctor took us through the museum—a room full of curiosities of various kinds. The most interesting of these to us were specimens of drawing and embroidery contributed by lunatics. Some of the lace-work appeared really admirable.

Strangers generally are not permitted to visit the wards where the maniacs are confined. The sight of strange faces seems to exercise an injurious influence on these poor creatures. A strange eye fixed on them irritates them; and though they may not burst out at once, the emotion engendered generally ends in a violent paroxysm. It was therefore almost under protest that Dr. Ranney consented to allow my friend and myself to traverse the maniac wards. I had just read an account of an attack made by a furious maniac in a Massachusetts Asylum on Governor Banks, who was inspecting the institution in the discharge of his duties; what with the remembrance of this, and the Doctor's caution, I confess I felt nervous when the bolts were withdrawn and we entered the corridor of the furious female lunatics.

They were not pleasant to look at. Some wore a sleepy aspect. Some looked venomously at us. A few resembled chimpanzees. But as none of them sprang at my throat, I recovered courage, and followed the Doctor quietly. Presently a hideous little Irishwoman, with blear eyes and skinny hands, asked me some question about her liberation. Incautiously, I answered it.

The sound of my voice seemed to rouse them. I heard around me a buzz of strange croaking voices, and my interlocutor—the little Irishwoman—burst into perfect frenzy. She began by assuring me that my fate in the next world was settled on a very uncomfortable basis; that in this world I was a disgrace to my sex; and she went on to abuse me in such language, and with such oaths, as proved her to be a mistress of the Five Points vocabulary.

Warming with her theme, she rose. I don't think she was much over five feet high. But a female gorilla, freshly deprived of its young, can not be much more terrible than that maniac seemed.

I looked round for the Doctor. He and my companion were many yards distant, slowly walking through the corridor, with their backs turned to me. I would have run to join them had I not feared that any overt evidence of terror would have precipitated a collision. So, affecting perfect calmness, I quietly turned my back on the little Irishwoman, and proceeded to walk slowly toward my friends. My persecutor followed me. I could almost feel her breath on the back of my neck, and, in sober truth, I expected every instant to feel her claws there. Never for an instant did she cease to abuse me in the fiercest language. Her oaths seemed to rouse her companions. They kindled as she passed, and fired skirmishers' shots at me as I marched between them. I felt that nothing but the interposition of Providence would enable me to gain the end of the corridor without a death-grapple with some of them. As for the Doctor, he—hard-hearted man—never once looked round.

I think I must have looked rather exhausted by the time I reached the end of the corridor; for the Doctor, with a smile, reminded me that he had dissuaded me from the experiment, and inquired knowingly whether I would not be satisfied with an inspection of the male maniacs through the grated door?

I at once replied in the affirmative, and we proceeded to the door. While our artist was sketching the scene I gazed at the inmates. My eye fell upon a wild face. "That," said the Doctor, "is a Belgian, a very furious fellow." I gazed with peculiar interest. The Belgian caught my eye, and rose. Unlike the women, he did not utter a syllable. But he fixed so ferocious and bloodthirsty a glance upon me, as he advanced with cat-like strides, that I felt a momentary thrill, and began to take a hasty survey of the strength of the bars which separated us. He reached them in a moment. Clutching them with his sinewy hands he glared at me like any tiger till I left the place. But for those bars I think he would have made an end of me.

THE LEATHER BAG.

How much the bag contained I do not know, and question whether Andrew Millar himself did. It had in it the savings of twenty years, and was full upon the flitting-day, just three weeks before the date of my story. His wife and daughters knew nothing about it at all; they had never seen it: they knew he had money somewhere, for when it was wanted it was forthcoming; but whatever they might conjecture, they certainly didn't know where he kept it, how he kept it, or how much he had. The little gray man became quite ugly on any allusion to these subjects. He had a morbid, diseased anxiety for the security of his money—a jealousy lest any one, saving himself, should see, touch, handle, or disburse a farthing of it—that was far from conducive to domestic felicity.

It was an old satchel, a small one, in which, when a boy, he had carried his books to school. When he walked across country to be apprenticed—a walk of nearly twenty miles from his father's croft—he carried in the satchel the bread and butter which his mother's anxiety provided for his sustenance by the way. While he was an apprentice he kept his Bible in it, and the first pound-note he ever earned he kept in the Bible.

As he advanced in life the "guid buke" fattened with his savings; all in notes, between its leaves, till it could hold no more of them, and had to be laid aside; by which time, through use and wont, and the association of ideas, Andrew had come to prefer "bank or banker's notes" to every form of the currency. He derived more pleasure from seeing the notes stuff out the sides of that bag than the ring of gold pieces against the walls of the safest iron box could ever have given him. For twenty years he watched the progress of his fortunes in the stomach of the bag. Time was he used to play with fortune, taking the notes out, one by one, "rumpling" them to make them bulk well, and putting them in till the bag would swell as if it would immediately deliver itself of a competency; and after complacently contemplating it in this state for some time, he would put them by in even folds, and sigh over the mere embryo of an independence to which they contracted. It had been the main pleasure of his life to watch the bag, and many a struggle it had cost him to reconcile his duties to it with those which, being by nature a kindly fellow, he could not but acknowledge were owing to his family. He took a pride in it; he would sit after work-hours and smoke his pipe, and look at it as if it were a child, as it lay cradled in the wooden chest; and now and then, in later years, he would stroke its back and wink at it—the old rogue—taking it into his confidence; but down with the lid with a bang at once at the first sound of a footfall, let it be of wife or daughter, coming toward him. At last the dream of his life was realized, and the bag that had been year by year becoming more and more dropsical was ready to burst, and Andrew declared his intention to retire from business.

As was natural, with Andrew's pride in his store, his anxiety for its safety increased till it became, as I have said, a disease. At last Andrew, after much bad logic and a great struggle with his better nature, made up his mind that in some way his lockfast-places were being tampered with, and that out of the chest and out of the house the bag must go, and that immediately; and so he cast about for a place in which to conceal it.

At the head of the garden, behind the house, was an old stone wall, on the top of which—now he had nothing better to do—he used to sit and smoke his after-breakfast pipe. The wall was full of odd crannies, letter-box holes all along the side of it, and looked just the sort of wall that a man would like to look upon who had a bag of money to hide. Before finishing his pipe, he made up his mind as to the very place to put it in—a hole that turned to the one side, and widened into a perfect little chamber, two feet below the top, and in the very heart of the masonry.

It remained to put the bag in its place without being seen; nor was Andrew long in finding an opportunity for doing so. On Sunday the great Mr. Thumpanbawl was to preach in the parish church—there was only one church in the little village of A—— in those days—and Andrew calculated that every one who could would go and hear that "powerfu' preacher." So when Sunday morning came Andrew had a shocking headache. He felt too poorly to go to church, yet was not too unwell to look after himself; so when the hour came and the bell rang, the family set out with many expressions of hope and trust that he might be better when they returned. Andrew chuckled as he stood at the window and "saw them out of sight." Great was his excitement when the bell ceased; yet he held to his plan, allowing twenty minutes for the congregation fairly to assemble; after which, opening the back-door carefully, he stole with his treasure up the garden, looking about him with the circumspection of guilt, lest any one should see him. Having hid the bag and torn himself away from it with difficulty into the house, he lighted his pipe in the front kitchen—as if wholly to disconnect himself from recent transactions at the back of the house—and sat in the ingle with the "guid buke" close at hand in case of a surprise.

When his people returned from church he wore the air of one coming round, and "verra much better, am obleeged t'ye." At the same time, he had great difficulty in repressing a tendency to chuckle over the success of his plan. His efforts at maintaining the composure of indifference and the air of an invalid were as ridiculous as they were fatiguing, and, as the day advanced, proved a new source of alarm to his wife and daughters, who were startled by the novelty of his behavior. In the evening he became fatigued with acting, and, at the same time, extremely nervous, and desirous to satisfy his senses of the safety of his money; the more so, as he could invent no reasonable pretense for going into the garden. He tried to convince himself by arguments that it was all right—and if it was all wrong, how, at that time of night, could he mend it? Thus he see-sawed between fear and confidence till the hour came for worship, which he conducted so incoherently as greatly to alarm the family. As it would happen, the chapter that fell to be read that night was the sixth of Matthew, in which the verse occurs, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal." Reviewing his sensations of that day, and recalling the many miserable days in past years which his money had brought him, he paused and groaned. He felt the wisdom of the recommendation; he returned on the verse, and read it again slowly, while his wife, with a queer interrogative air, looked up at him from her book, and over her spectacles. He didn't like it, and had never felt so uncomfortable. The *thieves* in the verse didn't improve it! And then followed the words, "For where your treasure is there will your heart be also!" Could any thing be more true? Wasn't his *heart* at this very moment, when he was on the point of kneeling to make a pretense of prayer, out in the hole, two feet from the top, and near the middle of the old stone dike? Oh, could he only be sure that his *treasure was* there also! Before bedtime he was twice on the point of stating the whole case to them, making a clean breast of it, and getting the bag in; but he couldn't screw himself up to that point. Weren't they all anxiety about him and the illness of the day; and was he to tell them it was all a sham? He couldn't do it. And by this time his old feet were being washed by Kate in a tub of hot water; and Molly was lowering with a wooden spoon the temperature of a large bowl of gruel—spiced, buttered, and qualified with whisky, which, according to his wife's recipe, he was to drink "immediately he got in amang the claes."

When he went to bed he couldn't sleep; he could only think; and his thoughts wandered back to the day when he won the heart of his old partner Jessie—that proud day; and on and on to the day Molly was born; and then on and on to the day Kate was born; and he remembered a hundred little happy scenes that had happened before that unhappy bag received the first miserable note into its stomach; and then, on and on till suspicion and distrust sprung up between him and those he loved, and all the old happiness passed away, and he saw himself become—ay, and he now described himself to himself in so many words—a mean, old miserly rascal! It surprised him to catch himself thus libeling himself. What had made the change? Had he not just succeeded in putting his money safe, beyond— Ah! was it safe? How he wished he could know that. And against whom had he desired security? Against Jessie, and Molly, and Kate. Poor dears! How anxious they had been about him in the morning; how they kissed him when they went out, hoping to find him better when they came back. Why, they hadn't kissed him for years; but then he had never before thrown himself on their sympathies. He had chuckled then to think how easily they were deceived. He saw now what a miserable, old, hypocritical wretch he had been. How tenderly they had nursed him, and looked at him, not doing kind things without meaning them. Oh yes, they loved him—ay, better than his bag; for let him only sicken and die, and wouldn't they have it among them to do with it as they liked? And after all, what in the world was the use of it but to give pleasure to himself and them? And when, at this stage of his reflections, his wife asked her "dear auld guidman" how he felt himself now, and, with a kiss, turned away for the night, he nipped his old legs and fixed his teeth at himself, as at a perfect brute; and that same moment he resolved he'd take the bag into the house next day, and live an open-handed life, to the best of his ability, henceforward. With this came a degree of mental composure, and at last, far toward morning, he fell asleep, and into dreamland.

Every where was the bag. In one dream a lot of boys were playing football with it, tossing it about, giving it kicks that sent it far up into the air, to "flop" down again with a dead, heavy sound; till at last it "flopped" into a duck-pond, and sank; and all the boys wading in the duck-pond, and himself with them, searching ever so anxiously, could get no trace of it. From this dream Andrew awakened with a smile. Then he saw it lying in the wooden chest, as of old; and the chest was locked, and down in the front-parlor, as of old; and there came a cry of "Fire! fire!" and the house was burning, and he and his wife and daughters just escaped with their lives, but with nothing else; and no one could be found to venture in to take out the old chest, and he stood afar off seeing it burn, and tearing his gray hair in rage and grief. He wakened from this dream also with a smile; for he knew the bag was not in the chest, but safe out in the dike. Then came two little boys, in a dream, playing out in the back-garden. He knew them quite well the moment they appeared; and they began to play at hiding toys in the wall and searching for them;

and lo! they found the bag, and opened its great big mouth, and took out such heaps of papers, and wondered what they were; when suddenly the wind arose, and caught the heap, and whirled away the whole, and the air was as white with bank-notes as ever it was with snow-flakes in a storm. Andrew wakened gasping: he could stand this sort of thing no longer. The gray dawn was coming in at the window, cold and cheerless. He got up quietly, and, with nothing on him but his trowsers and shirt, made for the back-door, up the garden, to the wall, to the hole; and there—the bag was gone!

I am not going to analyze Andrew's feelings on missing the bag—the blankness of his despair as he stared, with drooping head and hanging arms, at the damp old wall in the dull twilight. He returned to bed, after a time, to find his spouse asleep, and quite unconscious of his desertion. For some time he couldn't think rationally of his loss; after the first paroxysm, however, his good sense gradually asserted itself, and the more he reflected the stronger grew his hope of getting back his money. Two things were almost quite certain—whoever took the bag must have seen him hide it, and missed, like himself, the discourse of Mr. Thumpanbawl; and being satisfied that the absentees from church were few, and could be discovered, he began to lay his plans so as not only to detect the thief, but to regain the bag without exposing his own domestic relations, which had led to its concealment, and of which he was now heartily ashamed.

After breakfast he walked slowly down the main street toward Tibby Johnstone's—the half-way house. Tibby, the leader of the village gossips, was standing at her door as he approached it, and at once proceeded to interrogate him as to his illness.

"Man, I was sorry," said Tibby, "ye werena in church yester-morn, more because o' your no being able. Aweel, auld folks *is* auld folks, an' we hae a' the same gate to gang—though a' folk dinna hae to travel sae far's yoursel', Andrew Millar, to reach the end o't. And what was the matter wi' you, noo?" she continued, pressing home her inquiries without giving time for answer. "Was it the reumatis or the headaches? There was Johnnie Swan was bad, too, yester-morn, an' had to bide at hame like yoursel', poor body; he had the megrums very sair."

Andrew gave no answer to her question as to the nature of his malady, save by another—put in the tone of one passing: "I fancy almost every body was in church but me an' Johnnie."

Tibby assured him the kirk was "crammed;" that it was hotter work for the minister than "mawin' hay in July;" and that he "watted twa napkins wi' the sweat o' his broo."

Andrew passed on, as if the conversation had related to matters of perfect indifference. Casual inquiries made elsewhere in the village in the course of the forenoon satisfied him that Johnnie Swan, the shoemaker, was the thief; at least, that he was the only man who hadn't been at church, and was at all likely to have done the dishonest thing. How, now, to get round Johnnie without exposing himself? Andrew brooded over this problem during three pipes, after which he went straight to the house of the shoemaker.

Johnnie Swan was a dour, ill-favored, avaricious body of a shoemaker, the leader of the pot-house politicians of the village, and reputed a great theorist and original speculator in morals and philosophy. On the Sunday forenoon, when Andrew hid the bag, our philosopher, who was really indisposed, and unable to go to church, was behind the old wall in a position to see—without being seen—all Andrew's extraordinary proceedings, from the first cautious peep of his nose out of the back-door to his stealthy slipping into the house again. What Andrew was about he couldn't exactly see, nor did he see the bag; but he thus argued with himself as to the probable meaning of the phenomena which he had witnessed:

"Folks may duffer, but, in ma opinion, 'tisn't for naething the mice come oot. When a sober body like Andrew Millar plays the fule, and syne taks to a hole in an auld dike, like a weasel, there's mair intil't than the air o' the mornin'. Had ye een i' the back o' your head, man, Andrew, ye'd hae missed me yon time, wi' your want o' gumption: ae look ahint the dyke wad ha' done mair for your secret than twunty glowerins ower it. Atweel, there's something in the wind ye'd as weel hae a peep o'; sae gird your loins, ma man, an' inspect the biggin. If there's nae aye a nest whare the pee-weets whurl, ye'll no be the waur o' tryin' to find ane." And with these sagacious observations Johnnie got over the wall, and commenced a search, which in a short time resulted in the discovery of the bag. Without stopping to inspect its contents, he buttoned his coat over it, and went quietly home, calming what tugs of conscience were in him by reflecting on the exceptions which prove the rule that honesty is the best policy, and with the following, among other sophisms:

"It's a kind o' treasure-trove, or what-d'ye-call-it. I find it; sae it's a' my ain, an' nain o' my neighbors, as Columbus said when he findit Amerikу. Some folks wadna hae tooken it, an' some folks are fules. Na, na, Johnnie Swan; grup it weel, my man, an' say naething aboot it. Wise folks let the nor' wind come in by the chumley, but open their doors to the sou' wind; an' its no ilka day ye'll hae sic a windfall as is noo under your oxters."

Swan having got home without meeting any one, a brief inspection of his booty satisfied him he had stumbled on a fortune. He had no misgivings as to the way in which he had done so, and, from the circumstance that no one was abroad, and that Andrew hadn't caught him, no fear. He was thwacking a piece of sole-leather on the lapstone on Monday forenoon, when Millar cast his shadow across the door.

"Hoo's a' wi' you the day?" said Andrew, cheerfully, but eying his man so as to catch every shade of feeling on his face.

Johnnie was really much discomposed at the unexpected apparition, yet had nerve enough to thwack on at his work as he looked up, and nodding to Andrew to be seated, answered:

"Gayly and brawly, neighbor; hoo's a' wi' yoursel'?"

Though Andrew was disconcerted by this coolness, he proceeded, in a friendly tone, to make all the ordinary inquiries for "the wife," who was out on an errand; for Thomas, who was in a shop in Kilmarnock; and for the girls, who were out at service. After this interchange of commonplaces, Andrew at last advanced to the object of his visit.

"Johnnie," said he, "we have been neighbors for mony years noo, an' aye sorted extraordinar weel; an' I've long kent you for a prudent, sensible person, wi' a guid head, forby heart, an' that's hoo I'm come to ask your advice the noo."

Johnnie began to feel very uncomfortable, and to look steadily at the "rosin-end" which he had begun to fasten, when conversation made it proper he should lay by the lapstone.

"Ye ken I've made a sort o' siller—atweel, it cost me muckle wark, an' mony years' hainin' to do't; more's the grief noo that I canna keep it safe; but it will be disappearin' in mair ways than I can account for; an' it's hard to a man no to feel safe o' his siller in the midst o' his ain bairns. But that's the fact, Johnnie Swan, though I'm ashamed to state it. So I'm thinkin' o' makin' an investment o't, an' I've come to ask your advice what to do wi't. What ud ye say to layin' it oot on land, Johnnie? If siller's weel laid oot on land, there's aye a guid return, ye ken, forby the feelin' o' bein' a proprietor; an' I was thinkin' that Thamas, that fine grown-up laddie o' your ain, wad mak' a guid steward, wi' a' the schuleing he's gotten."

Johnnie was sorry to learn that Andrew's wife and daughters couldn't be trusted. It was clear he should invest his money, and land did really appear to be the best thing he could invest it in.

"But then," said Andrew, starting objections for himself, since his friend was not disposed to start any—"But then, managing farms is a great fash, an' maybe crops'll be bad. The last ha'erst was an uncommon bad one, an' bad crops, bad rents, Johnnie, ye ken. An' after a', I mind Lawyer Meiklecraft tellin' me I'd never get more than three per cent. for my siller from land. Deed, I think I winna lay it oot on land."

"After a', freen," said Johnnie, "it's your ain affair, an' nane o' your neighbors'."

He could hardly keep from laughing at this stage to hear Andrew debating with himself how he should dispose of money that was now out of his power, and, in fact, in the drawer of the stool he was then sitting upon; his sense of the ridiculous was all the livelier that he saw that Andrew, so far from suspecting him, was not even aware of his loss.

"What d'ye say, noo, to layin' some o't oot on a ship?" said Andrew, proceeding with the investigation.

Johnnie's tongue was loose now, and in five minutes he pictured Andrew as a great ship-owner, enriched with all the treasures of the Indies. "Ay, ay, neighbor, lay't oot on a ship. I'se warrant ye might do waur than lay't oot on a ship."

But ships sink, and are exposed to a variety of accidents not to be provided against; a single gale blows away a hundred fortunes. Andrew concluded not to lay it out on a ship.

A great many other plans were considered, to the great amusement of Johnnie, who could hardly keep his gravity. But Andrew was now about done with him: he had clearly given him to feel that he thought the amount of his money sufficient for the purchase of almost any thing; and now he proceeded to end the interview by a further proof of his confidence.

"Weel, weel, we'll give it up, my freend, the noo, for we mak' no more o't than I used to, weighin' the matter by mysel; an' I'll tell ye what I hae done wi' the siller in the meantime. To stop thae rapagious daughters o' mine, I divided the siller the ither day into twa parts: the sma' ane I hae hidden where naebody'll find it; an' the ither is what I hae been thinkin' o' makin' an investment o'; an' that I'll noo haud in my ain hans, an' put into hidin' the morn wi' the rest, where it'll be snug while we tak' oor time to think what to do wi't."

Johnnie forgot himself altogether in applauding this plan; and when Andrew left him, he was quite beside himself with high spirits, looking to the brilliant future which was, as he imagined, dawning upon him. He played a tattoo upon his lapstone, whistling while he did it; he pitched the lapstone at the cat, missed her, and smashed a pitcher that stood near the door full of water, which instantly flooded the floor. He gave a kick to the only chair in the room, which broke it; and then he rid himself of a good deal of his surplus energy by leaping over and over the fragments. It was some time, and not till he had worked a world of mischief on the premises, before he settled down with a pipe calmly to consider his position. "He were blinder nor me," he reflected, "that didna see Providence in this matter. I'm no for judgin' the purpose, but doubtna this thing is na befa'in' Andrew for nought. The man's geyt. It's what the schulemaister ca's the Nemesis—settin' ane up to chop him doon like. Mysel's been hauden doon long enow, an' belike that's the meanin' o' this upturn. Ony gate, he's a fule wad steal the clockin' egg whan the hen's comin' to lay a guid ane: so I'se e'en tak' care Andrew finds the wee bag in the nest when he comes to hide the muckle." And so he resolved to restore the leather bag to its hiding-place in the night-time, not doubting but the night following he would carry away the whole store.

Next morning Andrew was up betimes and out into the garden, and to the wall, and to the hole, and there, sure enough, was the leather bag, all safe and sound!

The little gray man gave three cheers as he carried it into the house in triumph. Meeting his wife on the stairs, he surprised her by joyously bouncing at her, and kissing her. He thrust the leather bag into her hands, crying, "There, there; keep it, keep it!" He ran into the kitchen, and kissed Molly and Kate, who were cooking the breakfast. They couldn't understand him; he quite puzzled all three of them. Why go further with the story? He told them all about it—the whole history of the bag; and as he did so, the black demon of disunion sullenly left his dwelling. His money was thereafter "made an investment o'," under good advice; and from that day there wasn't, in fact, as there wasn't for a long time before, in reputation, a happier family in all Ayrshire than that of Andrew Millar.

Johnnie Swan's reflections, after losing three nights' rest sitting up to pay visits at unearthly hours to the hole in the wall, and satisfying himself that he had been overreached, were still philosophical, if not complimentary to himself, and are worthy of being put on record. "Let me tell ye, you're a fool, Johnnie Swan—a blin' idiot. Is na the nest-egg better than nane? and ae burd i' the han' worth twa i' the bush? Ye sud hae been contentit, my man. Modesty's the best policy for a rogue on a sma' scale; an' I hae kent a chiel hangit, who'd been nane the waur had the stolen cow been a calf. It's a shame to your understandin'; and to haud your mug up again to the man wha kens ye for baith a rogue and an ass is mair than ye can do."

He kept out of Andrew's way for a long time, and at last came to hope that, after all, Millar had been serious with him, and had merely changed the hiding-place for a new one. He was not long in this hope, however, before he was undeceived. Meeting Andrew one day by accident in the fields, he saluted him in the old style, as if nothing was wrong between them, when Andrew, with a queer grin, bursting into a loud laugh as he finished the sentence, asked him, "What d'ye say noo to layin' some o't oot on a ship?"

Johnnie couldn't stand it: he made off precipitately; and, a few days after, the sensitive philosopher left the parish a legacy of his old wife, and disappeared no one knew whither.

OUR SPECIAL PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, *February* 17, 1859.

The Ball at the Hôtel de Ville—Appearance of the Princess Clotilde—Hoops at Public Balls—The Return from the Ball—The Puckers of Time—The Wedding Ball at Rothschild's—Mrs. Mason and her Daughters—American Belles at Rothschild's—Berryer and Thiers—Crape in Fashion again—The Bois de Boulogne—An unpublished Letter from Lord Napier—His Love for the United States—Enthusiasm of an American about General Windham—English and American Fraternity, etc., etc.

I LEFT off my last letter with saying "You will have heard enough of balls," and yet I begin this with the same theme, for indeed there is no other just now; and those of this week have been remarkable enough to merit description. The one at the Hôtel de Ville, on Monday, was certainly a most magnificent fête. I had not been to one of these balls for several years. In the time of Louis Philippe one went to the Hôtel de Ville as to a private house, sure of meeting all one's acquaintances and the best society, of which the Count and Countess Rambuteau, who then presided there, were conspicuous members. After that the balls became like any other intensely crowded ones; and on Monday night, when I went to accompany my friend Frank, I had almost forgotten how superb the apartments really were, and was as much delighted as he was with the gorgeous sort of Arabian Night scene of entertainment spread out before us. The staircase is particularly magnificent, with a fountain playing amidst shrubs and flowers in the cone below; and here was a band of music which, alternately with a choir of German singers, filled the air with sweet sounds with admirable effect. And then salon upon salon are before one, gilded and decorated, and filled with tiers of dazzling-looking women, who, *en masse*, all seemed beautiful, and were certainly brilliant with jewels and feathers and flowers.

The Imperial party looked imposing, as imperial parties ever must, with uniforms, and diamonds, and orders. The Emperor and Empress were not there; but the Princess Clotilde was, of course, the heroine of the evening, and the cynosure of every eye fortunate enough to get a chance of gazing upon her. She was dressed in pink, with a diadem of diamonds; and she is so young and graceful that one tries to forget how very plain she really is—plain, in spite of a very fair skin and pretty figure. She does not look gay; and I should not think it was in her nature to be very demonstrative in any way.

So I really enjoyed my ball for about an hour, as I met many acquaintances, particularly English and Americans; but after admiration and curiosity were satisfied, one began to feel how oppressive was the heat, and how fatiguing the constant effort of moving in a crowd, and which has certainly become more difficult since the preponderance of steel and crinoline in the construction of ladies' dresses. I felt several times that night that if "stone walls do not a prison make," iron hoops do; and it was sometimes for a moment impossible to extricate one's self—not from the silken but the ponderous folds around one. The getting away from the Hôtel de Ville is always difficult. There is a long and weary waiting for one's servant in the first instance, and then for the carriage to be brought up. One pities the delicate ladies shivering around one without cloaks or shawls, and does not wonder to hear that sore throats and bronchitis are fearfully prevalent in Paris. Such are some of the drawbacks which accompany pleasure; and which, scarcely felt in the eagerness of youth, weigh heavily in the scale when that pleasant time is passed away forever.

Not that I am inclined to regret the days that are gone, or to feel that there has come a time—a *dreary* time! No; every age has its enjoyments; and here, where is nothing in what surrounds one to admonish that there must come a time when there will be neither ball-givers nor ball-goers, it is rather satisfactory to have something in one's self from which to learn the solemn lesson. Thus interpreted, a gray hair or an obstinate wrinkle have a sober import and a useful warning, though one may escape from even these, if one chooses to send into the next street for the *dépilatoire* person whose profession it is to remove gray hairs, or to Houbecant's for some Cream of Roses, which it is said really will straiten the puckers of Time; but I am sure it is wisest to listen to the voice, when it may be heard, which is not always possible in the din and roar of this great Babel and all its vanity of vanities.

The other ball that I shall take you to was one given by one of the princes of European finance, in his magnificent hotel of the Rue Lafitte, and in honor of a recent marriage in his family. The salons were very handsome, and rich in pictures and works of art, and the dancing-room was particularly gay and beautiful, with a painted vaulted ceiling. I thought the company assembled more amusing and agreeable because, not restricted to any exclusive clique or circle, it had gathered fair women and men of note from all quarters. Mrs. Mason and her amiable and accomplished eldest daughter were there, as ever, beautifully dressed. Two other daughters, one of whom is the beauty of the family, are absent from Paris gayeties, and are at Pau for the benefit of their health.

There were several of our American beauties; and some who, though with daughters that have made them grandmothers, were looking so youthful as to contradict the received idea that our countrywomen lose their good looks sooner than those of other lands. Among these was Mrs. H——n and her pretty daughters, who are always much admired, and are very lovely in the "Minna and Brenda" sort of contrast of dark and fair. The eldest is my favorite, and is really a well-educated, distinguished girl. Her mother is a superb woman, often too much dressed, which makes me call her "the Queen of Diamonds;" but this was not the case last night, and she therefore looked extremely well. There was Mrs. P——, who may be named the *Queen* of Beauty, so faultless is the outline of her features—so superb, even in their redundancy, the contours of her neck and shoulders—so brilliant the flashing of her dark eyes. This lady, too, often errs in being *over*-dressed. There were, too, Mrs. and Miss C——n, looking always as those who wished them well would desire them to, dressed with perfect taste and a sort of subdued elegance, and possessing a sweetness of manner and grace of deportment of which all admit the charm.

Among men of note there was the distinguished Legitimist lawyer and orator, M. Berryer, whom I think it a compliment (which, perhaps, he would not) to say reminds me more of an Englishman than a Frenchman in his manner and the character of his mind. He is very superior and attractive in conversation; and, indeed, in all his various gifts, one of the first men of this age. Then there was M. Thiers, who is unfortunate in never being able to look dignified, even when he wishes it the most; for he is short and clumsy in figure, and not of a pleasant countenance. He too has brilliant talents, but perhaps there is a feeling that he has proved rather tricky as a statesman, and not always to be relied upon as a historian.

Before I finish my account of the balls I must say one word to my fair readers, which is to tell them that that charming and becoming material, transparent crape, has resumed its ancient empire in the fashioning of evening dress. The prettiest gowns last night were of white crape, over a silk petticoat of the same color, for young girls; and in colors over color for the matrons. Flowers without foliage, and in a wreath around the head, are most worn by the unmarried; while the mammas indulge themselves in coiffures of velvet twisted into all sorts of contortions, and then made heavier and more unbecoming still with gold cord and tassels, and golden ornaments of all sorts.

The weather continues of a softness and mildness quite like spring, and there has been no cold weather in these parts since November. The Bois de Boulogne is crowded every day with those who, having danced all the night before, go there to renovate their pretty looks for the evening's coming ball; and really there is already there a feeling as if the winter was over and gone. I fancy you at home still bound in chains of ice and snow; but then you have the blessed sun shining upon you, which is here *absolutely hidden* since three months.

And so you are to lose Lord and Lady Napier from among you? I saw yesterday a letter from the former to his father-in-law, Mr. L——d, who lives in Paris, and is himself a high-minded English gentleman, in which Lord Napier says "that the people of the United States are the most kind-hearted on the face of the earth, and that Lady N. and himself feel a sincere regret at leaving them, and can never, never forget the kindness they have received both in their individual and public capacity." This accidental testimony to the power of my country people to appreciate real merit gave me great pleasure; for, knowing Lord and Lady Napier, I felt when they went to America that if they were not liked there I should despair of my country, since their virtues and their simple courtesy of manner are what *should* find most sympathy with the Anglo-Saxon race every where. I do not know Lord Lyons, but I hear he is very open and straightforward, and if he is at all like his late lamented father he will soon become a favorite among you.

I had a pleasant testimony the other day to the way in which English merit and the prowess and brave deeds of Englishmen impress even those in America who are quite removed from those great emporiums of commerce, those Atlantic cities which naturally learn the news of Europe once or twice a week as a matter of course, and who thus learn to feel an interest in what is going on here. I have

THE LATE POSTMASTER-GENERAL, HON. A. V. BROWN.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

a young cousin upon my hands here now from your Far West, which he never left until a month ago to come to Paris. At a dinner-party the other day I mentioned the name of Windham, apropos of a letter of introduction for some one who was going to India, when I was interrupted by my young cousin's eager question, "Is that the *great Windham*—the hero of the Redan?' Oh, how I should like to see him!" And when he found I knew him intimately, he asked so many questions about him as quite to have proved to any observer present his own Yankee lineage. I have often thought that such a charming anecdote in Maryatt's "Travels in America," the little New York shop-boy who, when tying up a parcel for him, said, "Will you please, Sir, to tell me what has become of Midshipman Easy?" Byron long ago said he never knew what fame was until he had heard of his poems being read on the banks of the Ohio; and, believe me, this is the true way to look at it, and it is *thus* united that the English race are great and wonderful.

THE LATE POSTMASTER-GENERAL BROWN.

ON Tuesday, 8th, Postmaster-General Aaron V. Brown died at Washington. His friends will be glad to see the accompanying portrait.

Mr. Brown was a Virginian by birth, and at the time of his death was about sixty-four years of age. His father commenced life as a revolutionary soldier, but ended it as a Methodist clergyman. He was fortunately able to give his son a good collegiate education.

At the age of eighteen, the family having migrated to Nashville, Tennessee, young Aaron commenced the study of law in the office of Judge Trimble of that place, and in 1817 was admitted to the bar. According to the *Herald*, his maxim was to be "always first at court, and never leave till the order of adjournment is given." With such a rule for his guide, professional success was certain. For twenty-two years—the fact deserves consideration at the hands of young lawyers of the present day—Mr. Brown never suffered politics to rob his clients of an hour of his time. Though his talents naturally attracted the attention of his fellow-citizens, and the political success of his partner (Ex-President James K. Polk) would easily have opened to him the door of political advancement, he steadily refused to leave his home until he had "served his time" as a practicing lawyer, and accumulated an ample fortune. He consented to serve as a Member of the State Legislature of Tennessee, because this did not involve any sacrifice of his clients' interests. But to Congress, however pressed, he did not go till the year 1839.

In Congress Mr. Brown took an active part in the debates and business of the day. He was Chairman of the Committee on Territories, and as such secured a place in history by becoming the father of the bill securing a territorial government to Oregon. In politics he was a strong Southern man, warmly opposed to the doctrines especially known as Northern; but he was equally opposed to the schemes of the Southern disunionists. During General Jackson's life he was a zealous partisan of his projects, among others, the annexation of Texas.

In 1845 he was elected Governor of Tennessee by a large majority over the Whig candidate. In 1847 he ran for the same office, but was defeated. He was a member of the Democratic Convention which nominated Mr. Pierce for the Presidency, and, as Chairman of the Committee, framed the famous Baltimore Platform.

Various public stations were offered him by Mr. Polk and Mr. Pierce. He declined them all; but on the election of Mr. Buchanan he accepted a seat in the Cabinet as head of the Post-office Department. We should be happy to add—if we could do so honestly—that he had rendered that absurd Department efficient or self-supporting; but to do either was perhaps beyond his power or any man's.

In private life Mr. Brown was much liked. His temper was genial, his manners engaging; all who knew him loved him. His family relations were exemplary, and no house in Washington has been more pleasant to visit than the one over which his wife presided.

BARTHOLOMEW'S "EVE REPENTANT."

"EVE REPENTANT."

OUR readers will remember that we have at different times noticed the works of the gifted American sculptor, Edward S. Bartholomew. They will also remember that in the August number of *Harper's Magazine* the editors of that publication were called upon to record the untimely death of that eminent man. He died last spring at Naples, at the age of thirty-six, just as a desperate struggle for fame was gloriously ending, and the laurels were gathering thick around his head.

The engraving we now present is the first published copy of Mr. Bartholomew's most important finished work. The statue from which it was taken was purchased from the artist in 1857 by Joseph Harrison, Jun., has just arrived from Italy, and is on exhibition, for the exclusive benefit of the deceased artist's widowed mother, at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia.

Bartholomew's other works are in the hands of Mrs. Sigourney of Boston, Colonel Colt of Hartford, Frederick Marquand of New York, Erastus Corning of Albany, Millard Fillmore of Buffalo, C. H. Wolff of Pittsburg, Enoch Pratt of Baltimore, Governor Aiken of South Carolina, and other ladies and gentlemen of taste in America and England.

We shall take pleasure in presenting other works by American sculptors in the pages of this journal.

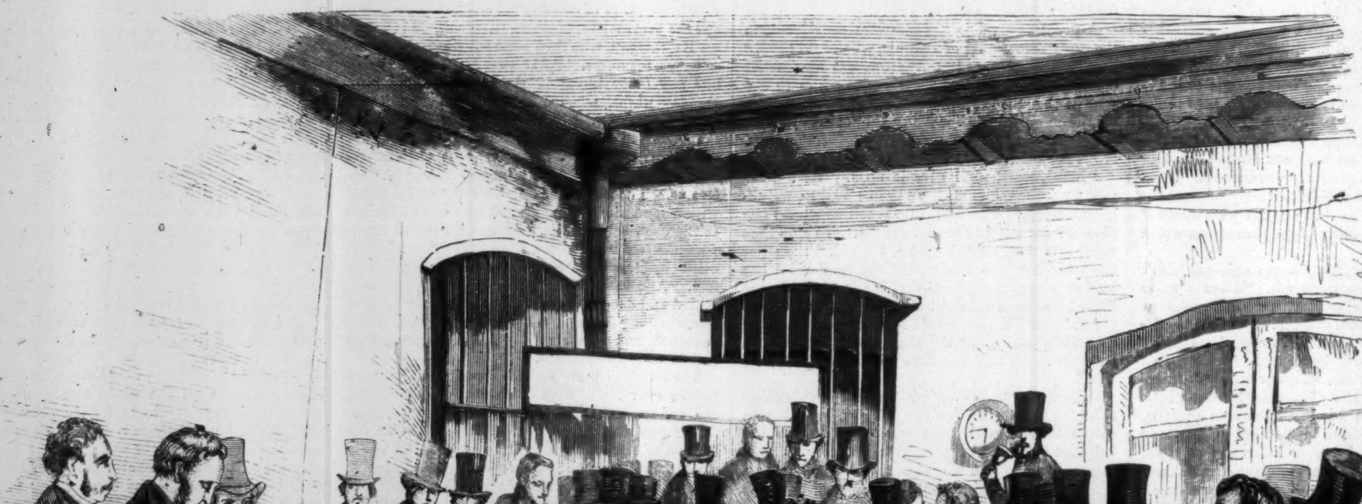
THE EXCHANGE AT BUENOS AYRES.

THOSE who are familiar with the bustling scene presented by 'Change in our Northern cities—New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Boston, etc.—and in the great marts of Europe, as Paris, London, and Frankfort, will view with interest the accompanying picture of the Exchange at Buenos Ayres, taken from a late photograph. The business in specie and merchandise is quite large; but the brokers move noiselessly about like spectres, and transact business in whispers. They look more like conspirators than mercantile or financial men.

MY TWO PARTNERS.

I.

WHY do men become chimney-sweeps; dust-contractors; sausage-makers; meat-salesmen; and soap-manufacturers? Why do men in large or-



THE EXCHANGE AT BUENOS AYRES.

chestras play upon kettle-drums, cymbals, trumbones, and serpents, instead of chosing violins, flutes, and clarionets? I can not make it out.

II.

I AWOKE one morning and found myself a man of property. A man of property! There is a bitter mockery concealed in those words. My uncle had died suddenly, without a will, and I was his heir. Heir to what? Three distinct and gigantic nuisances; a bone-boiling factory, a skin-drying settlement, and a patent manure dépôt. Inscrutable fate! My mother on her death-bed had exhorted me to be genteel; she had left me a genteel income; and I had lived a genteel life. It was all over now. At the early age of twenty-five, with the romantic name of Edwin Gazelle, I was sucked into the vortex of trade. And such a trade!

III.

I WENT over my new possessions. It was a hard, sad task. I saw in the distance a bleak, bare wharf, which they told me was mine; but I did not venture personally to measure its extent. I saw several rotten-looking barges lying off this wharf, and in them several men, who seemed to be dancing and chirruping in the mud. They cheered me vigorously from the depths of their unwholesome craft; and I gave them beer. They were happy; happier than their new master, who was obliged to conceal his conflicting emotions.

"Shall I put your name, Sir, upon the barge?" asked my late uncle's chief clerk, who was now my managing man.

"Not at present, Steevens," I replied with a shudder, "not at present. Oh, certainly not at present."

The next place to inspect was the skin-drying settlement; a Robinson Crusoe-like collection of huts that were built of twigs and branches. Here were hundreds of thin, flat, spectral forms of animals stretched upon the ground, and swinging upon strings over my head. A child's frock and a few pairs of socks were hung in the centre of these phantoms, relieving the animal wilderness with a little humanity.

"What is all this?" I asked of Steevens.

"These are your skins," returned my managing man.

"And the clothes?"

"They belong to the keeper's children."

We left the place without examining further, although the patent manure dépôt was at the back of these premises. The aspect was not cheering, and the smell was indescribable.

From the skin-yard we proceeded to the bone-boiling factory; the chief of my new possessions. I had come into my property, and I was compelled, in common decency, to go over it; but there are certain things that a man is not equal to, even when interest and curiosity prompt him to undertake the task. The factory was large, busy, and situated near an important main road; and, at the moment I approached it, the least endurable part of its manufacturing process was in full operation.

"Steevens," I said, faintly, "where is the chief counting-house?"

"In the centre of the factory-yard," replied my managing man.

"Then, Steevens," I returned, holding my scented handkerchief to my nose, "as I have an appointment now, you shall bring the books and papers to my rooms at six o'clock this evening."

At the time fixed he came, in company with one Mr. Nickel, a friend of mine of experienced business habits. We employed ourselves till nearly midnight. The examination, as far as I could make out, went to show that the property, if rather repulsive, was decidedly lucrative. It was agreed that, to advertise it for sale, was worse than useless; and, appointing my friend as general inspector, to look after my interest, I accepted my destiny. From that hour I was a bone-boiler.

IV.

I HAD command of wealth, but I was not happy. Although I did not alter my style of living, I felt that I was no longer the same individual. I had bartered my soul for worldly goods, and the cold shadow of the eternal factory was always darkening my heart. I still moved in the same circles as I had moved in before. I was still the same eligible single man. I was still five feet five inches in height; my appearance still preserved its pleasing, if not commanding expression; and yet I was not happy. The name of bone-boiler was always hissing in my ears. The horrid effluvium, which had always prevented me from exploring my own premises, seemed to cling to my clothes, and exude from the roots of my hair.

I was now nervous and diffident; for I was moving in society under false pretenses. Carefully as I had maintained the secret of my connection with the repulsive factory, and its very repulsive adjuncts, I could not be certain that others had been equally discreet, and in every sly glance, every whisper, and every titter, I seemed to read the discovery of my imposition. The blow might fall at any instant, and I lived in dread.

V.

IT was near the close of May when I received my usual invitation for Mrs. Buckram's second annual ball. I was supposed to be the same young, idle lounger with expectations, living in chambers, as I was some months before; and scores of such invitations came to me in the course of the year. I accepted this one gladly, for I knew that SHE would be there: Emma Sandford, Mrs. Buckram's niece, and the fairest and sweetest of her sex.

The night of the ball came, and with it all that I had anticipated, even in my fondest dreams. She was fairer and more amiable than ever, and she devoted so much of her time to me in the dance, that most of the visitors thought we were engaged really. When nearly all the dancers were down in the supper-room we found ourselves upon a balcony, looking into the garden. My lips had long been struggling to disclose my love; and my honor told me that, at the same moment, I ought to state fully and unhesitatingly who I was—what I was. The situation in which we were unexpectedly placed (was it quite unexpectedly?) gave eloquence to my tongue:

"Miss Sandford—Emma—" I said, "I dare not speak to you upon a subject that is weighing on my heart, until I have made a full and honorable disclosure. I am not—I am not what I seem!"

"Good gracious!" gasped the blushing and trembling Emma.

"Yes," I continued, "at the same moment in which I tell you that I love you, I tell you that I am—a bone-boiler!"

She sank upon a rustic seat, but quickly recovered herself.

"A bone-boiler?" she muttered, in her sweetest tones, evidently relieved by finding that I was not, as she had seemingly expected—a man of crime; "a bone-boiler, Edwin; and what is that?"

Beautiful simplicity! Troublesome question!

"Well, dearest," I replied, getting more confident, now that I had made the revelation, I scarcely know, as I go so seldom to the works; but they boil bones—"

"Works? bones?" she interrupted, evidently full of some sudden idea. "Speak, Edwin, tell me—where is this establishment—this factory? you know what I mean."

"My property, Emma?"

"Yes."

"About three miles out of London, on the Downham Road."

"Near the church?"

"Near the church."

"Then we are lost!"

"Lost?"

"Yes, Edwin," she returned, in sorrowful tones, "it is within a stone's throw of my father's freehold villa, and it is the one nuisance which embitters his life."

What reply I might have made to this I can scarcely tell; for, at that moment, Mr. Sandford, a stately man of severe aspect, entered the balcony.

"Emma!" he said, sternly to her, as he frowned at me, "I have been searching for you every where. Wish your aunt good-night."

Emma gave me one tender, sorrowful glance, and left the place followed by her father.

VI.

THE next day was a busy one, at least for me. I wrote to my manager at the works to cease operations for several days, and he replied that this could not be done. He would boil as little as possible; but boil he must. My object was to prevent the nuisance being very obtrusive at the exact moment of my visit to Mr. Sandford.

I went to the Downham Road, about mid-day, and I was shown into Mr. Sandford's study. There was one large French window which opened upon an extensive ornamental garden; and in the distance, just over the glass of a conservatory, I saw the two black, smoking chimneys of my bone-boiling works. Under any circumstances my errand was an excuse for nervousness, and my peculiar adjacent property did not add to my calmness.

In about five minutes Mr. Sandford entered the apartment, very stiff and severe in his manner, as he motioned me to a seat.

"Sir," he said, "after the conference between you and my daughter, which I interrupted last night, I am not altogether unaware of the object of your visit. Take a chair."

This opening was chilling, and calculated to increase my trepidation. I made no reply.

"Sir," he continued, in a severe tone, "the first question which a parent very naturally puts to a gentleman in your position is, What are his means for supporting a matrimonial establishment? May I put that question to you, Mr. Gaz—, Gaz—"

"Mr. Gazelle," I answered.

"Mr. Gazelle?" he inquired.

I was about to reply to this very troublesome, but fully expected question, when with fear and horror I observed a dense volume of smoke issuing from both my factory chimneys, and I was made painfully conscious, at the same moment, of a very disagreeable, not to say sickening effluvium, which floated toward us over the garden and through the open doors. I coughed and moved uneasily in my chair, while Mr. Sandford lit several pastiles on the mantle-shelf, and closed the garden window with a hasty bang.

"Go on," he said, in an excited manner, "go on; nothing but a Chancery injunction will stop this. Night or day, it's always the same. My chrysanthemums withered with smoke: my family poisoned with effluvium—"

"It's very annoying," I said, "but—"

"It's more than annoying, Sir," he interrupted, "it's illegal, Sir. They are bound down never to boil bones when the wind is in the south, and I only ask you to look at that weathercock over the conservatory. Look at it carefully, Sir: you may be useful as evidence."

"That, Mr. Sandford," I said, with attempted firmness, "I am afraid can never be."

"Sir?" he ejaculated, in astonishment.

"The law of England, Sir," I remarked, "protects a man from incriminating himself."

"You?" said Mr. Sandford, converting his brow into a tall note of interrogation.

"Yes, Sir, I am the proprietor of those works," I replied, with a nervous gulp: feeling that all was over.

It was now Mr. Sandford's turn to be discomposed; but he soon recovered himself.

"And you come here, Sir," he said, red with anger, "to ask my consent to my daughter's union with an illegal and a pestilential nuisance!"

"Mr. Sandford," I began to reply, deprecatingly:

"Go, Sir," he interrupted with irritating, though pathetic dignity; "go; you have polluted my home. You have made the ark of my declining years unbearable; but you shall not rob me of my child!"

"You decline my offer?" I inquired with considerable spirit; for I now felt indignant and aroused.

"Good-morning, Sir!" he said, with a majestic wave of his hand. "Good-morning!"

In the passage I came full in the arms of my beloved and anxious Emma, who had evidently been listening.

"Oh, Edwin," she exclaimed, "is papa indeed inexorable—and are we to part thus?"

I could not trust myself to speak; but fled from the place.

VII.

SCARCELY knowing what I did I rushed to the works. The men were all on duty, with Steevens, the manager, and my friend, the inspector.

"Boil!" I shouted, in my excitement. "Boil like mad!"

My two managers looked at each other, and then looked at me; but they made no remark.

"Pile up," I continued, "mountains high, and let no copper in the place be other than a caldron of bubbling stench."

"You are aware, Sir," replied Steevens, "that we are already threatened by the inhabitants with proceedings for creating a nuisance?"

"And especially by one Mr Sandford," interrupted Mr. Nickel.

"Gentlemen!" I exclaimed, becoming more excited on hearing the name of that obdurate parent. "You are the managers here; but I am the master. Boil, I say, to the utmost verge of your power!"

The order was obeyed without further remonstrance; and in half an hour the neighborhood must have been sickening under our repulsive activity. What was my design? I hardly knew. Perhaps to storm my enemy into compliance? To reach him I was compelled to annoy the innocent; and, while I gloated in imagination over his sufferings, I was painfully conscious that my own Emma must be affected by the same poisonous vapor.

At this thought a momentary weakness impelled me to stop the busy nuisance; but I checked it at once when I remembered the contempt I had met with. The smoke rose higher and higher, and rolled in majestic volumes of effluvium over my enemy's villa. I was amply revenged; and, as the works became unbearable, I began to feel dizzy, and turned my steps in the direction of home.

VIII.

THE excitement had preyed upon my health, and I was not able to leave my residence for several days. At the end of this time I went once more into the world, and wandered by a mysterious impulse toward the Downham Road. I approached Mr. Sandford's villa with no definite design. I had not determined to call; but I was curious to see the place. A mild flavor of the works still hung over the neighborhood; and I judged from this that my instructions had not been neglected. When I reached the villa my heart sunk within me, for I found the shutters of every window closed except those of the kitchen. A dreadful thought suggested itself. Could I have caused a death in the family?

Regardless of every thing I hastily rang the bell; and it was answered by an old char-woman.

"Is she—is any one dead?" I asked, breathlessly.

"Lauk-a-daisy, Sir," she replied, "you give me quite a turn!"

"Is any one dead in this house?" I repeated.

"No, Sir," she replied, in a nervous manner.

"Why are the shutters closed, then?"

"Well, Sir, I don't know who you may be—"

"Why are they closed?"

"Becos the fam'ly couldn't stand them stinkin' works, an' they've gone out o' town."

"Madman!" I muttered to myself; "I have driven them into exile."

I asked the old woman where they had gone; but, of course, she could not tell; for the address, as usual, had been written on a piece of paper which she had lost or mislaid.

"It's some town as begins with a P," she said.

"There are five hundred such towns!" I replied.

IX.

A DAY of misery and a night of restlessness were recompensed by an announcement which I read the next morning in the second column of the *Times:*

"EDWIN G—Z—LE.—The Chain Pier every morning at nine. The air on the Downs is bracing, but it has no charms for me. Better the smoke of a hundred b—e b—ng factories if thou wert only near. EMMA S."

I read with eager and dazzled eyes, and I could not doubt that this paragraph was meant for me. The pointed mention of the Chain Pier and the Downs directed me to Brighton; and, rejecting the old woman's statement that the town began with a P, I prepared at once to start for that fashionable watering-place. A few minutes before I sent for the cab a letter without a signature, written in a strange hand, and directed to me, arrived through the post. Its contents were as follows:

"Beware of Mr. Sandford, who is nothing but a respectable adventurer. Far from having any objection to your marriage with his daughter, he is only too anxious to bring about the match; but in such a way that no questions shall be asked concerning his child's prospects or wedding portion. Pause, and reflect.

"YOUR WELL-WISHER."

I treated this base missive with the contempt it deserved. If it had contained any libel upon her whom I was flying to meet, I would have found out the writer at any cost; but as it merely confined itself to remarks upon her parent, I put it in my pocket, and thought no more about it. In a few hours I was at Brighton, gazing upon the sad sea-waves.

X.

THE afternoon and evening passed wearily enough; for she was not to be seen. I sought her on the beach—the promenade—the Downs—and in the assembly rooms, but without success. I felt that I was rash in betraying my arrival in places where I might be discovered by Mr. Sandford; but I could not control my impatience until the morning. As dusk approached I gave up the search and settled down to a late and solitary dinner in the melancholy coffee-room of my hotel. The cutlet was tough; the wine was hot and acid; the waiter painfully obsequious; a clock was ticking with maddening regularity; and a fellow-visitor, who ought to have been sociable, was glaring at me ever and anon from an opposite table. At times the thought came across me that I might have been deceived by the advertisement; and my only comfort was to stick it before me against the cruet-stand and read it all through the meal.

At last the morning came, and at the appointed time I hastened to the pier. The direction was right. I was not deceived. She stood before me, more lovely than ever. I asked, after the first salutations were over, at what hotel or lodging they were staying, and was answered, "At neither."

"Where, then," I inquired, perceiving some hesitation on the part of the lovely Emma, "if not at one of these usual places?"

"At an uncle's, Edwin," she replied, in a sorrowful tone. "Would that it had been otherwise!"

"Tell me more, Emma," I replied; "for there is something which you are concealing from me."

"It is a cousin, Edwin."

"A cousin, Emma?"

"Yes. They call him refined, because he does nothing but smoke, play at billiards, and spend half his time in a yacht; but he is no favorite of mine; and rather than marry him—"

"Marry him, Emma! Surely your father can have no such design?"

"It is too true, Edwin; and any day I may be compelled to bid adieu to you forever."

"This shall not be! Fly with me, Emma—fly from this fashionable and detestable place."

"I can not, Edwin. Where can I go?—unless—"

"Speak! I will take you any where; but fly, and fly at once."

"To my Aunt Buckram's, then. She will do any thing I ask her."

In a few hours we had reached the desired haven in London, and the next morning saw us man and wife.

XI.

MY honeymoon was not without its troubles, though my wife was not the cause of them. My friend, Mr. Nickel (whom I suspected of having written the anonymous letter), departed one morning from his post as my factory inspector with a considerable sum of money which he never accounted for. On the next day to the one on which he left the country my father-in-law, Mr. Sandford, made his appearance; calling upon us suddenly as we were seated at breakfast.

"I come here," he said, "in no spirit of enmity. You have acted without my consent; but I freely forgive you. The portion I might have given my daughter Emma, if the marriage had been conducted in the regular way, will now remain a secret until after my death."

After we had thanked him for his kindness, and had wished him a life as long as Methuselah's, he continued,

"I am not surprised that your inspector, Mr. Nickel, betrayed his trust and embezzled your property. I knew him some years ago, and I never had a favorable opinion of him."

"Is it possible?" I exclaimed.

"You are young and inexperienced," he continued, "and I am a man of the world. Go and enjoy yourselves while you can, and, repugnant as the bone-boiling establishment is to me, I will look after your interests—as a father."

"Mr. Sandford," I replied, "I can not allow this generous sacrifice. After all that you have said regarding this repulsive business—"

"I only do my duty," he interrupted. "One member of my family has already become your partner for life. I propose to join the firm also. From this hour you will consider me your acting partner."

And he became a partner; I scarcely know how. Sometimes I think of the anonymous letter, and suspect his disinterestedness; but one glance at my gentle and amiable wife reconciles me to all.

THE WEEKLY FARMER.

WHY DOES OUR SOIL PRODUCE LESS WHEAT PER ACRE THAN THE SOIL OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND?

OUR neighbors on the other side of the Atlantic—in England, Ireland, and Scotland—grow more wheat per acre than we do, yet from this country a surplus is sent to feed less happy nations. Should our wheat-growers, by an improved system of husbandry, double the yield, many millions of dollars a year would be added to our national wealth. Who could estimate the advantages to a vast country should her people till the soil in the ways of enlightened agriculture? Figures can not answer the question, but they must be in proportion to the unfolding of this great subject with all the lights of science and practical demonstration.

In no country can finer wheat be grown than in America, but we seldom till the soil as well as the farmers of Great Britain and Ireland, whose wants stimulate industry. They have to pay high rents. When we want a farm we buy it, and own it. Let our industry be guided by intelligence. Our wants are rapidly increasing. Whole districts, which thirty years ago gave an average of 30 bushels of wheat per acre, do not give ten bushels *now*. Until we stop eating bread made of wheat flour this

subject will not lose its interest. Why should we not grow as large crops of wheat as the farmers of any other nation, and of as fine a quality? Does any one think *good* wheat can be grown on *bad* soil? Can a *large* crop be gathered from a *poor* soil? Can it give that which it has not? We must look well to the nature of the land. Liebig truly says: "Again, how does it happen that wheat does not flourish on a sandy soil, and that a calcareous soil is also unsuitable for its growth, unless it be mixed with a considerable quantity of clay? It is because these soils do not contain alkalies and certain other ingredients in sufficient quantity, the growth of wheat being arrested by this circumstance, even should all other substances be presented in abundance."

The common opinion, that the soil of the West can not be exhausted, is a great mistake. See how the crop in Ohio has fallen off! The average yield in 1850 was 17 bushels per acre; in '51, 15; and in '52, under 14. Has the average yield increased since? These facts are true of more States than Ohio. From 1840 to 1850 the crop of wheat in New England fell one million of bushels. Upward of six million bushels more wheat were grown in Georgia, Kentucky, and Tennessee in 1840 than in 1850! Hereafter we will give the changes that have taken place in these States in the quantity grown and average per acre, for the better and for the worse, since the dates named.

In some places land is so much exhausted that wheat crops paying for the labor can not be grown. Again, we find soils that are very rich, but not in balance; others are all that can be desired, but they are the fewest, excepting those we take from the hunting-grounds of the red men, which are as new to us as the Garden of Eden was to our first parents.

If land is too poor to pay for labor, the more of it the wheat-grower tills without remuneration the poorer that land and himself will grow. In soils not in balance there may be too much straw-making food, but not enough for the grain. In this case, even the most favorable seasons can not give the best results. The absence of the necessary moisture in the soil will cut off supplies of food to plants. An excess of it may cause available food wanting for the development of the grain to be appropriated by the straw. In wet seasons, especially in the absence of under-drains to carry off water, when there is much straw-making food and a deficiency of phosphates, the latter are taken up by the stalks and leaves, to the loss of the grain; hence some soils may yield less grain in a wet season, but more straw, than they would do in a drier one, other things being equal. The bones of animals coming into the large cities bring phosphates at railroad speed from the great West. In our first article on wheat we had occasion to say: "Grain is carried to the cities, and the substances that made it are far away from their original source. The wheat crop of 1858 robbed the soil of more than thirty millions of pounds of potash, and sixty millions of pounds of phosphoric acid. But a small proportion of these elements are sent back to the soil. In nature's economy nothing is lost; but when man displaces things he should put them back again in their own places. A wise nation looks well to its agriculture, the great source of wealth. England dug the fields of Waterloo for human bones to enrich her soil. She sent her ships to foreign nations to bring home fertilizers. In our agriculture we are a wasteful and soil-exhausting people. We are tenants of it but for life; others will come after us."

These are a few of the reasons based on the *bad principle* of EXHAUSTION, why we do not grow as much wheat per acre as other people do.

A correspondent in California informs us that the modes of culture practiced in the valleys and along the river bottoms is to give one plowing for two or three crops, and without any manure being added the first crop generally yields from 50 to 60 bushels per acre. The second, known as the volunteer crop, is also large, and considered to be of better quality, weighing heavier, and less liable to smut. The gentleman who, at the State Fair in 1854, got the first premium, had a crop which yielded 82½ bushels per acre, of sixty pounds to the bushel. But these facts only prove that systems of renovation and fertilization must differ with the wants of special cases.

Corn is fast taking the place of wheat in the prairie districts, and especially where less protected by snow during winter than other lands. In spite of the severity of the Canadian winter, wheat crops, protected by snow, never suffer as much as those grown in more changeable climates.

When there is little snow, if wheat is to be well grown, land must be fertilized and deeply cultivated to give the roots a strong hold in the soil. Fertilization will cause a vigorous growth, and the roots of thrifty plants, in well-prepared soils, strike deep and hold fast. This helps the plant, and augments the quantity and quality of the crop.

The prairie soils, even in districts whose winters are of the most changeable kind, are well adapted to the growing of Indian corn; whereas in districts in which the growing season is shorter, corn, if not a forced crop, often gets caught by the frost and is injured.

In some localities wheat is grown on the same soil for many years in succession. We often hear farmers in such places say that the plowing in of clover is better than to fallow. Clover cleans the land. You can not grow wheat and weeds together; for if you want one you must lose the other. We would refer the reader to our first article on wheat for facts relative to the action of clover in the preparation of the soil.

One good farmer, living near Geneva, New York, tells us "that by under-draining his land, and fattening a large number of cattle and sheep, he keeps up the fertility of the soil and secures paying crops of wheat." As fast as our minds arrive at good principles and the application of them will successful wheat-growing prosper. If the average yield of every acre growing wheat in the United States was equal to that of the land above referred to, the national wealth of the country would be increased more than $150,000,000 a year.

The anxiety with which British farmers watch their wheat crop shows that they study the habits of the plant and the probable influence of the crop on prices. When it comes into ear quickly, in warm, settled weather, they immediately conclude that there is little danger of blight. Then the wheat-ear is examined carefully, with the anticipation of plump and well-developed grain. There is now less dread of the orange-colored insects which, in moist, cool seasons, sometimes destroy 20 or 25 per cent. of the crop, and of parasitic fungi, commonly known as red-rust, red-robbin, red-gum, and mildew. All this inspires the husbandman with the hope of an abundant harvest, even when,

"With sleep-seal'd eye,
While all around the zephyrs sigh,
Fanning soft the sun-tanned wheat,
Ripen'd by the summer's heat."

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

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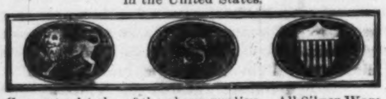

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